

Punch

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# life's simple pleasures

Few of life's simple pleasures are so freely available as that which comes from feeding birds. In country garden or city square, you have but to scatter your crumbs and, in a trice, your guests are there. Now this, when you come to think of it, is a little odd. Nobody supposes that a slightly passé bridge roll forms any part of any bird's natural diet, yet such delicacies are accepted with apparent satisfaction. And, on our side of the table, we are often so inadequately informed about our guests, that we do not even know their names. Why, then, does so haphazard an operation give us so much pleasure? We think the answer is that it satisfies our deep-rooted instinct to 'do something' for those who are smaller and more defenceless than ourselves. In another sphere, this same instinct has prompted thousands of people to enlist the friendly and expert help of the Midland Bank Executor and Trustee Company in planning the future welfare of those who depend upon them. The resulting peace of mind could easily be yours. It is only necessary to ask your Midland Bank Manager to place you in touch with the . . .





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## The London Charivari

"MR. KHRUSHCHEV was accorded a standing ovation." And, golly, it's no more than he deserves. A seven-hour working day, wage increases all along the line, a promise to abolish income-tax—all this and pictures of the Moon's backside and a new "Moscow Sea." The Russians have never had it so good. If only the Communist Party had an Opposition to gloat over, everything would be perfect. That's a luxury that Mr. K. ought now to be able to afford. I know where there's one going cheap.

### Goal Attained

A WRITER of boys' stories who won a £260,000 pools prize said "My great vision was to write a novel trying to explain how the problems of man should be solved." But he's already permed it.

### Going, Going...

EASTBOURNE'S publicity committee has refused to allow in its official guide an advertisement offering holidays in Eastbourne on the "never-never." Perhaps they think that this



enormous crack that has been discovered in Beachy Head raises the risk that Eastbourne will disappear before the payments have been completed.

### A Little Learning

THERE has been a move to ban the sale of toy rockets fitted with transparent nosecones containing tiny plastic dogs. I'm all for this. Once you



start encouraging that kind of thing you're going to have toy rockets with tiny cameras in the head capable of photographing the back areas of our homes.

### Soiled Linen Department

THE Press Council condemns intrusion into private grief. How does it feel about the behaviour of our leading families who voluntarily (or so it appears) intrude their private griefs and dissensions into the press? Things have reached the stage where certain newspapers are beginning to raise shocked hands at this lack of reticence, while continuing to publish all available titbits; a performance which must delight all true connoisseurs of hypocrisy. I feel it is hard on dukes and duchesses to be berated by the press whose appetite they try to assuage. They should lay a formal complaint before the Press Council.

### Stop, Look and Listen

ON a building-site in Ludgate Hill the contractors have provided not





Hollywood

only the now usual viewing platform but a series of little telephone receivers as well. It is interesting to watch the eager expressions in the faces of casual listeners as they lift their receivers, expecting to hear, as it were, the voice of the foreman shouting "Ere, Ern, drop that spandrel and give us a 'and with this 'ere joist," or whatever builders' foremen shout; to see the eagerness fade out as they find no more than a tidy Oxonian accent explaining what is to be built on the site; and to watch the eagerness flooding back as the commentator includes in his schedule three public houses.

#### Jingles All the Way

A GRAMOPHONE record featuring four of the most popular jingles from commercial television is said to be causing apprehension at the B.B.C., since there is a risk that it may be voted into the top ten and become the subject of listeners' requests. The B.B.C. must fight back, and smartly. If a hit record can be inspired by tobacco, petrol,

shirts and paper handkerchiefs, I do not see why the Corporation cannot produce a rousing trilogy out of *Radio Times*, *The Listener* and the *B.B.C. Year Book*.

#### Get-You-Home Service

THE *Police Review*, not caring for a suggestion that the police should drive home drunken motorists, suggests that students might volunteer for this chore, as in America. I have been trying to wipe from my mind a picture of a little knot of bored theological students waiting for clients in a species of cabman's shelter outside a Service reunion or a salesmen's conference. Almost as haunting is the idea of a rescued reveller, on his return home, being greeted by his wife with, "So you've been brought home by one of those Balliol men again." Frankly, I wonder whether it is a good thing for a graduate, on the threshold of his career, to be involved in a wrangle with the Inland Revenue over the estimated total of tips he received from the incapacitated.

#### "AS THEY MIGHT HAVE BEEN"

The third in the series of drawings in colour by Hewison, "As They Might Have Been," will appear next week. The subject is:

MARILYN MONROE

#### Also Ran

SPEAKING of the Lord Mayor's Show . . . The last time I saw any part of it I was standing just behind two small, solid men, one of whom, after watching with admiration the progress of some huge decorated float, observed in a regretful tone "The Law Mayor's Show . . . Abewt the on'y thing we got left, innit?" to which the other replied very sternly "There's stoo religion, y'know."

#### Animal Fan

I HAVE been encouraged to speculate, during the fuss and excitement about the bull which the *Daily Mirror* saw fit to rescue from a fate worse than breeding, whether there is any kind of dumb creature which, if placed in a situation of peril or discomfort, would not arouse in the British breast feelings of extravagant compassion. How would we react to the plight of a tarantula spider threatened with a serious operation? Would our hearts go out to a snake doomed to die for wantonly biting people? How do we feel about woodlice flooded out of their tiny homes? Would we nurture orphaned vultures, raise funds for jackals inconveniently bereaved, oppose the banning of kindly but plague-bearing creepy-crawlies? I suppose the answer must be yes; so there we are.

#### 365 to 258 the Field

SCEPTICAL Labour back-benchers are said to be particularly pleased at the Government's plan to introduce betting-shops, where they reckon they should get better prices about the date of the Summit than they can at Westminster.

#### Give and Take

THE most patriotic way in which motorists who hanker after American cars can react to the promised freeing of dollar-imports is to import some of these "compact" cars with which American manufacturers hope to drive British small cars off the American market.

— MR. PUNCH





CINDERELLA

# THE ROAD TO 1984



*A series of probes for proles.*

*This week's subject is . . .*

## The Kremlin as Before BY DESMOND DONNELLY

THE B.O.A.C. rocket did the one thousand six hundred miles to Moscow in fifteen minutes. Our little party stepped out on to the tarmac and I looked around at the airfield I had not seen for many years.

"Yes, there's the same ugly, squat airport building they used to have when Khrushchev was alive," I remarked. But somehow it looked different. It was *painted*. The doors and windows had chromium all over. And then I remembered that Russia had acquired a craze for chromium, ever since Khrushchev's visit to America during the famous love-and-lull period, way back in 1959.

I wished I could have brought Winston Smith with me on this trip, in our little delegation from the Ministry of Culture and Cricket (M.C.C.). But he could not be spared from M.A.T.C.A. (Ministry for Atlantic and Commonwealth Affairs.) Also, he might have made the Russians suspicious, for our job was very top secret. Ostensibly we were there to arrange a Test Match series—for the Russians took to cricket some years ago, after they had won the Davis Cup, the Olympic Games and the Eisenhower World Golf Trophy, all in the same year.

Also there had always been a strong pro-Russian feeling at Lord's ever since the late N. S. Khrushchev said he would vote Tory and had his portrait hung in the pavilion next to that of the late W. G. Grace. With a general election again in the offing, my party

had to give thought to bidding for this pro-Russian vote.

So much for the carefully prepared façade. Under the cover of my red and yellow tie and inside my immaculately-tailored Lord's-provided shirt I was carrying plans for a global defence pact against China—a F.R.E.E.T.O. (Freedom Treaty Organization) to replace the old NATO of years ago. I felt like both Carlton-Brown and William Strang as I took leave of my colleagues in the Radical Socialist Government.

All these thoughts flashed through my mind as I stepped forward to meet the Soviet Reception Committee from the Ministry of Culture and Sport (M.C.S.) accompanied by the British Ambassador in Moscow. At once the television cameras were switched on. A microphone was placed before me. We exchanged platitudes. Just like the old days, so I thought.

As we walked through the building to the waiting helicars at the back, I noticed that the pictures of Stalin had gone. They had been replaced by one of Lenin addressing a meeting—there was a biblical touch about the picture as though it were Christ delivering the Sermon on the Mount.

A young man with a crew-cut opened the door of the helicar. A Mongolian sky-cap carried out our bags. As soon as the helicar was off the ground I got a look at the Moscow skyline, which I had not been able to see from the windowless rocket, even if it had been going slowly enough.

The sight spread out before me was like that view of New York you used to get as your aircraft took off from Idlewild in the 1950s. Skyscrapers, with Russian ornamentalations, towered everywhere. In the middle was a gap. It was the dear little Krémelin, preserved as a museum piece, looking cosy and cottagey like 10 Downing Street.

I tried to picture Nikita Ilyachev down there—he was the new Russian Prime Minister and the first to be elected on a public ballot, restricted to party members of course. I thought of Mrs. Ilyachev amidst her chintzes, like Lady Attlee; or perhaps she was getting ready to open a Communist Party fête, as Lady Dorothy was accustomed to doing twenty-five years ago. I pulled myself up with a jerk. "This is Russia, you fool," I told myself. "This isn't Britain; and even if they do play cricket, the standards here are largely olde American. The Russians have congresses, not fêtes. And Ilyachev's election slogan was COMMUNISM'S ILL WITHOUT IL."

The original National Hotel, once occupied by Lenin after the Revolution, had gone. There was a new building on the same site and I was to stay there. It had been designed by architects from the Hilton chain, loaned by Eisenhower to Khrushchev, before they had been promoted to building power stations in Kazakhstan.

The receptionist at the desk seemed amazed that I came from London, England, and not London, India;

London, Ghana; London, Cyprus or even London, Nyasaland. "There are so many Londons these days," she said, flashing her Macleaned teeth (no connection with Sir Fitzroy Maclean, the veteran traveller) and then pursing her Helena Rubinstein lips. "I'd forgotten about little London, England," she added coldly.

The Soviet reception committee said good-bye temporarily in the foyer, to let me go to my room, and added that Mr. Ilyachev himself would receive me before dinner that evening. I was elated at such quick access to the political top as I took the elevator to the sixty-fifth floor.

I was wondering whether to tip the Mongolian bellhop who brought up my bag as I recollected the Communist inhibitions about tips from my previous travels. However, the Mongolian bellhop solved my dilemma by holding out his hand.

After he had gone I walked to the window and looked down on the Red Square. There were several familiar landmarks. The mausoleum was still there, only with a new wing built on to it, to take Khrushchev, Molotov and even Malenkov—death is a great unifier. It was still the national shrine. I marvelled at the quaint old Russian custom of political leaders taking their stand on top of their dead comrades on ceremonial occasions.

Across the Red Square was the new GUM store and I looked forward to visiting it and to seeing the display of clothes there, made with the synthetic fibres that Russia had developed, when the Party leadership had at last realized that collective farms could not produce cotton or wool.

Alas! the familiar pineapples and onions of St. Basil's had gone. I recollected that Khrushchev, in a fit of ebullience, had given it to Eisenhower. And the Americans had removed it, stone by stone, to build the new golf club-house at Gettysburg.

I shook myself out of my reverie and rang for a drink. Room service sent me up a bottle of Karaganda Bourbon and some iced bottles of Siberia Dry.

Thus refreshed, I decided to take a brief stroll outside, to look at the streets and people. Down on the side walk, beside the hotel, I looked at the stationary traffic and moving pedestrians. They were very different from my

previous visits twenty-five years ago. The young men wore crew cuts, loud jackets and slacks, like the America of the early 1960s. The young women were polished, sleek and faceless. They must all have been slimming and certainly they all brushed their hair the standard hundred times each night.

I strolled across the bridge, over the Gorki Street traffic, to a bar with neon signs. Inside, it reminded me of those bars in Chicago years ago—flashy, busy, cool. I ordered an iced beer, something I had never been able to get in the old days. A juke-box was playing

Russian jazz. Chromium plate slashed the walls and furniture.

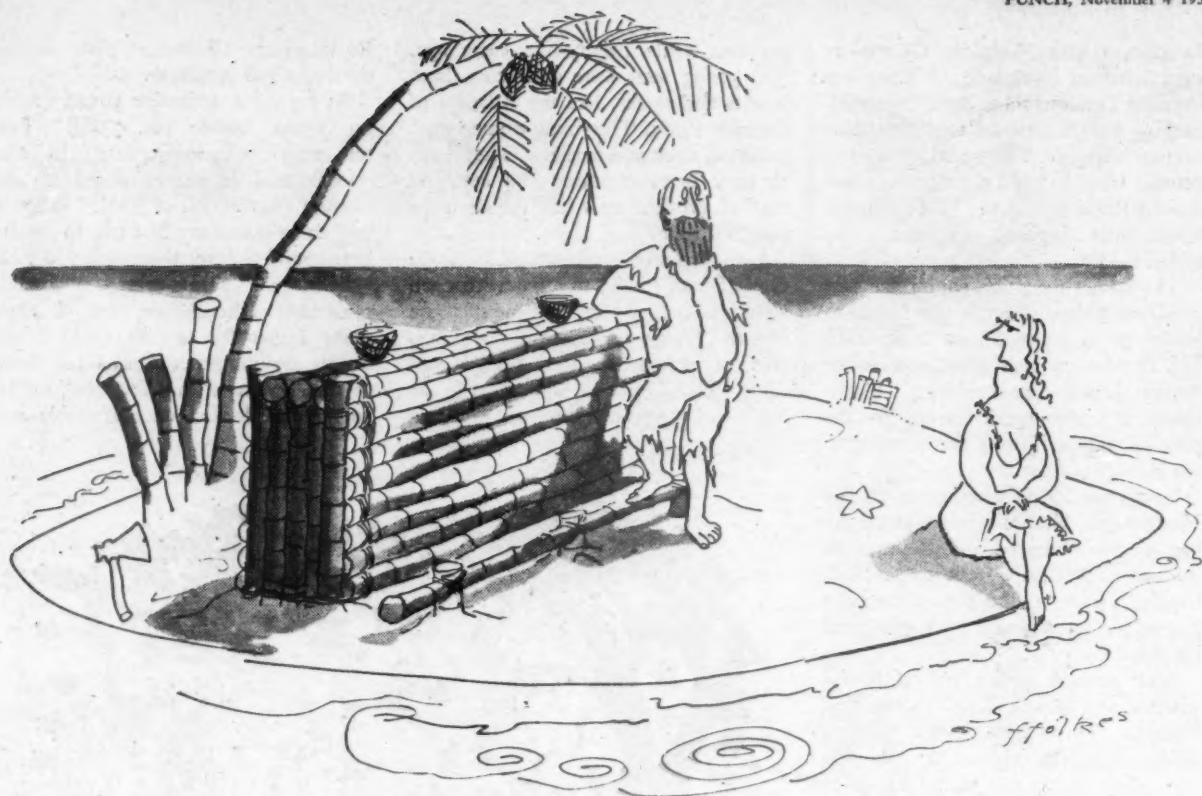
As my drink arrived, a young couple sat down beside me. "Hi!" said the crew-cut young man in the international language agreed at the Geneva Convention of 1961. When I told them it was my first trip to Russia in twenty-five years their eyes widened.

"Oh, gee!" said the girl. "I can't remember Khrushchev, but I shall never forget the terrible shock when Suslov denounced him after his death at the Twenty-fifth Congress." The young man looked uncomfortable and



"Miss, this tea's full of leaves."





*"Any other man would have built a raft!"*

opened a miniature magazine with a bright red border called ИРАБИА. "Good God!" I exclaimed, "I didn't know that the Luce Organization published a Russian edition of *Time* magazine."

The young Russians looked petulant, as if they thought I was trying to be funny at their expense. At last the girl answered. "It's not *Time* Magazine," she blurted out, "it's ИРАБИА."

"Just see here," said her boy friend. "Look at this cover story of the new Russian family hovercar, built at Magnitogorsk. It's a wonderful achievement for the Russian way of life. And what is good for Magnitogorsk is good for the Soviet Union. That's got nothing to do with the decadent Americans," he cried, his voice rising. I swallowed my drink and left hurriedly.

When I got back to my hotel room the telephone rang. It was Room Service. "To-morrow is Sunday, Gospodin Donnelly," it said. "Which party meeting do you normally attend?"

I coughed apologetically, as I did not understand. I always thought Russia to be a one-party State. So I replied "I

belong to the Radical Socialist Party." There was a snort of impatience at the other end of the line, so I went on: "You know, the development of the old Labour Party, when we got down to playing rugby football instead of tiddley-winks."

"No! No!" cried the voice. "I mean do you go to the six o'clock party meeting, the seven o'clock meeting, the eight o'clock or nine o'clock? I only want to know so that I can set your automatic telephone alarm." Then the voice grew more friendly and patient. "Everybody here goes to at least one party meeting on Sunday. The more roubles you have the more meetings you should attend; and then it doesn't matter if you don't practice Marxist-Leninist principles during the rest of the week. You'll understand," the voice concluded, cosily.

Reluctantly, and anxious to cause no trouble, I chose the nine o'clock meeting.

By now it was time for me to go to see Mr. Ilyachev. I felt a little nervous, as I wanted to make a good impression, so that the first meeting might lead to

others—and the secret plan I had under my Lord's-provided shirt.

A helicar from the hotel roof took me across to the Kremlin. In a minute I was over the old red walls; next minute I was in Mr. Ilyachev's office.

Nikita Ilyachev rose to greet me from his desk at the far side of his room. His pale grey suit and pale grey shoes gave him the appearance of a successful motor manufacturer from Detroit.

"Pleased to meet you, Mr. Donnelly," he said with a strong American accent. When he saw my surprise he smiled. "We insisted some years ago that all candidate-members of the Politbureau must learn English," he explained. "Originally, it was the language of the potential enemy," he added, "and an essential part of Khrushchev's competitive co-existence."

"But I came here as a friend—to discuss cricket," I remarked, as he led me to a long table at the other side of the room.

"Now, I don't know anything about cricket," said Ilyachev, genially, "but I understand that you were here years ago, even in Stalin's time, I believe.

You must be interested in the changes that have taken place."

"Yes, I am," I answered. "Tell me about them."

Ilyachev grinned, showing me two rows of stainless steel teeth. "The biggest change was that we had to stop the chauvinism of Khrushchev. Suslov did this very courageously and brought the party back to the correct doctrines of Marxist-Leninism."

"Also," went on Ilyachev, "Khrushchev's policies were at one time prejudicial to world peace and we had to correct these bad tendencies. He was too aggressive."

"What about your internal affairs?"

Ilyachev leaned back in his chair and gave me another view of Russian dentistry. "We've moved slowly towards greater freedom. It is not easy, as our people still don't know how to use it," he admitted candidly. "We used our growing class of technologists to help to break down the barriers. The fact that they went out to other countries to meet their counterparts made a difference. It was slow going at first."

"Trade helped," added Ilyachev. "Those Americans are great guys!" he exclaimed. "After all the years of the embargo they were the first to break it down. They'll go anywhere for trade, unlike you British. Have you heard the story of the Yank who went to sell iceboxes in Yakutsk?" he asked. "Well, he arrived in a temperature of fifteen below. And he sent a cable back to Detroit, 'Nobody has any iceboxes here! Please send 500,000,' and he sold them."

Ilyachev went on: "Of course our people still have a great deal of Khrushchev's chauvinism. Some are still apprehensive about America. Tradition dies hard: the older people remember the rocket bases. But we leaders must calculate our national interest."

"What about industry?" I asked.

"It's State-owned of course," replied Ilyachev. "We have had to give continually increasing autonomy to the managers. But the system has two outstanding advantages. It enables us to concentrate capital investment at the places in which we want it to help industrial expansion. And secondly, it is the only way of ensuring equality of opportunity, which is much better than that dreary Social Equality your old Labour leaders used to talk."

Ilyachev paused. He looked at me carefully. "We Russians are always extraverts," he remarked, "and I have a proposition to put to you, Mr. Donnelly."

"Yes?" I asked, wondering what was coming.

"Would your Government be prepared to act as an intermediary in negotiating a global defence pact?" he asked. "The Soviet Government has asked me to put this proposition to you because of our apprehensions about China."

I must have looked astonished, because Ilyachev went on hurriedly to justify his case. "I know that this idea is not new on your side," he said. "Our files tell us that you yourself speculated about it years ago. But then it was not practical politics and American policy made it impossible. But now," he explained earnestly, "it is different. China's demands for *lebensraum* for her 1,200,000,000 people are becoming bitter and strident. She is no longer dependent on Russian industry. Now is the time for all men who are good realists to unite," he pleaded.

I felt for my secret plan underneath my Lord's-provided shirt and handed it to him . . . and for once England won the Ashes that year, so that the Russians still had some worlds left to conquer.

Next Week: JOHN MIDGLEY

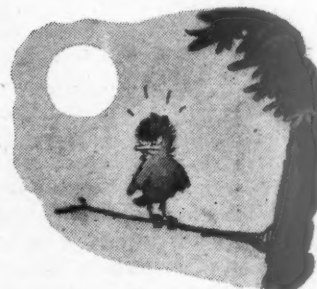
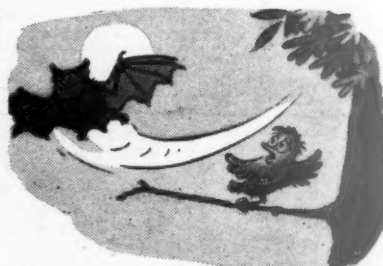
## Downward, Christian Soldiers

*The whole ancient world morally deteriorated when it adopted Christianity.*

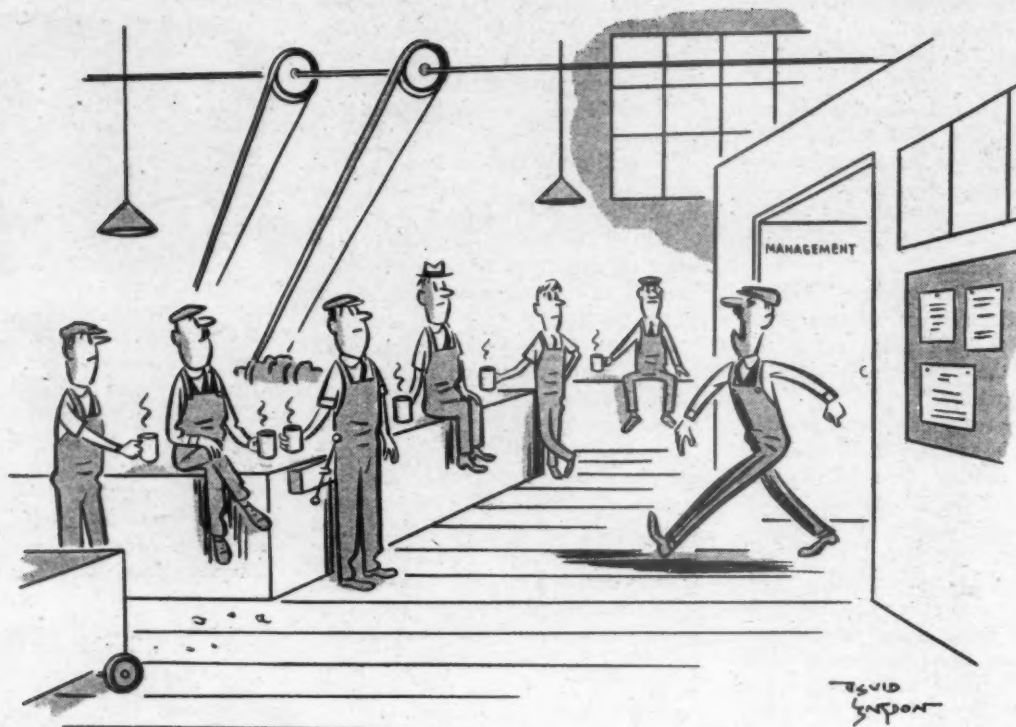
—Bertrand Russell

O those early Roman martyrs,  
Fishing for their *admiratus*!  
O those bright Neronic torches,  
Fawning round their emperor's porches!  
Really, it was nauseating  
(Monte Carlo antedating)  
How the Saints, on those arenas,  
Stripped of all but their Bikini,  
Gambled, by hypothecation,  
Everything upon salvation.  
Yes, *Orbis Terrarum* faltered,  
Once the pagan code was altered,  
And the *gravitas* of Tiber  
Fell to Pauline lack of fibre.  
*Tantæ molis*—such the tussle,  
E'er the world was safe for Russell!

— R. A. PIDDINGTON



HARGREAVES.



"Down tools!"

## Directors Tell All

By H. F. ELLIS

EVERYBODY is very conscious just now of the importance of "public images," of the fixed general impression that exists at any given time of an individual (say a Prime Minister) or a group (say the Labour Party). Nobody knows precisely what fixes the image, but everybody agrees that, once fixed, it takes a deal of unfixing. Imagine, for instance, what a titanic convulsion would have been required to destroy the image of Neville Chamberlain's umbrella and all that that implied. A mere declaration of war was totally inadequate to the task.

Descending a little from the sublime, let us consider directors. If ever there was a fixed image in the public mind it is that of the company director. Once the words are said, the image, the ideal picture, springs fully-clothed into the mind. It may differ a little, from man to man, in unimportant details; for you, perhaps, the watch-chain may be of

gold and double-looped across the waistcoat, whereas I see no more than a thin silver chain dipping scarcely at all in its unostentatious course from pocket to pocket. But by and large our images, set side by side, would be alike enough to produce an almost stereoscopic effect if observed through suitable spectacles. We shall agree, in all probability, on at least six of the following essential and inalienable characteristics of a company director:

He is a retired general, or admiral, or politician—or just retired—in his late fifties.

He is a director of from four to eight companies and attends from eight to sixteen board meetings a year, where he sits either at a very long and thin or a very large and round table, with an absolutely clean piece of blotting paper in front of him. He does not speak at these meetings, but ticks off the items on the Agenda as the Chairman deals

with them and from time to time raises his pencil level with, or even slightly above, his shoulder to signify assent.

He plays two rounds of golf a week, and lives south or north by west of London in a house with two built-in garages and a very long L-shaped drawing-room full of standard lamps.

He is hardly ever seen by non-directors, except when stepping into Daimlers or smoking cigars in first-class dining cars between London and Birmingham.

He does not appear in the newspapers—unless he wishes it to be known that he has no connection with another director of the same name—until the time when he is reported to have told counsel or the Receiver that he was not informed of the operations in which his Company was engaged and no, it did not occur to him to ask.

For these services he is paid, say, five hundred pounds per company, plus



enough shares to round him off at a comfortable ten thousand a year.

This, I maintain, is the image of the company director that is fixed in the public's mind. Whether it is correct or not is neither here nor there. It is the image the public loves, just as it loves to think of archdeacons as tall, thin men with dry, rather high-pitched voices and of solicitors as small, precise bachelors for ever peering over their pince-nez and saying "Dear me!" Fixed images of this kind do no harm, are of great assistance to playwrights, actors, novelists and others, and should not be blurred or destroyed without good reason.

If the Institute of Directors wish to know what their own members are really like that is their own concern. They may distribute questionnaires and probe into the causes of thrombosis in the board room to their hearts' content. If, in order to "keep the director fit and on top of his job" (as is their declared object), it is necessary for them to know that 20 per cent of their 32,000 members use public transport and 25 per cent smoke pipes, good luck to them. But why must they communicate their distasteful findings to the press? Why were all our newspapers a few days ago full of the revelation that 40 per cent of directors take work home with them and only 6 per cent have chauffeurs? That 70 per cent are at work by 9.30 a.m., that 90 per cent do a five-day week and that half that number usually put in Saturday morning at the office as well? The ugly suspicion arises that the Institute's declared object is a blind: that what they are really after is the creation of a new and utterly different image in the public mind. For heaven's sake, folks, these directors want to be loved!

I want to tell them that this plot is going to fail.

The image of the average company director that emerges from the questionnaire sent to five thousand of the Institute's members and faithfully (and anonymously) answered by over three thousand of them is far from pleasing. Gone is the leisurely cigar-smoking ex-admiral, rolling up one day a week from Haslemere for an hour's pencil-raising and a decent luncheon. In his place we are offered a bustling little man of under fifty, running for the eight-thirty or driving his run-of-the-mill

saloon over Putney Bridge—even (sickening thought!) on a lovely Saturday morning when he ought to be out shooting clay pigeons—with a cigarette at three-and-eleven for twenty stuck in his work-worn face. Arrived at the office (!) he spends (and this goes for 90 per cent of these new-style directors) three quarters of his long day on executive work outside the boardroom, ringing people up and dictating, one supposes, and engaging in similar menial tasks. His only qualification for directorship is "experience" (64 per cent), and his chances of a slap-up business lunch are less than one in three (60 per cent have business lunches only twice a week or less). It would not surprise me if he nips out to an A.B.C. on a voucher. He directs only one company (over 50 per cent) and the chances are that its issued capital is under £100,000. A cup of tea and a biscuit, one hopes (though there is no mention of it in the statistics published so far), sustain him through the afternoon's drudgery. When five-thirty comes and the rest have gone he toils on (over 50 per cent), and even when at last he drags himself away, homeward bound for Putney, his case may be stuffed (40 per cent) with homework. And what, after all this, has he to look forward to? Three weeks or less holiday (75 per cent) in the year.

The final straw is that he takes exercise (40 per cent) every day, though

the good Lord only knows how he fits it in. A run on Wimbledon Common in the dark perhaps?

What is there left, in this humdrum image of an almost gruesomely over-conscientious white-collar worker, to envy or admire? Give us back our thirty-two thousand retired admirals, with their names and decorations in the top left-hand corner of the company's stationery, and let the Institute keep its tediously pedestrian discoveries to itself. Images ought to be left undisturbed in their niches. Otherwise, before we know where we are, we shall have the Law Society announcing that 80 per cent of solicitors are married and wear horn-rimmed spectacles, and Convocation informing the Press that archdeacons are little round men weighing fifteen stone or over (67 per cent) who regularly sing bass in the choir on Sundays (54 per cent). No good whatever can come of turning the known world upside down by a series of agonized confessionals.

☆

"Supposing your doctor told you that, to-night, your pulse rate would decrease, your blood pressure fall; that your respirations would become deeper and slower; that only the subconscious portion of your brain would remain active—would you be alarmed? . . . Why should you be? Such things happen to you every night . . ."

*Sunday Express's medical man*

As far as we're concerned, every day, too.



"Don't tell me they're at it too!"

# The Garage Show, 1960

By BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

IN the main section of the 1948 edition of *Chambers's Dictionary* there is no mention of the word "garage." In the supplement the word is mentioned but only with a dismissive jerk of the thumb—"Garage. See Motor-garage." Under "Motor-garage" one learns that the gallic appendage may be pronounced gar'ij or gār-āzh', and that this "building where motor-cars are housed and kept or put in order" comes from "Fr. *garage*—*gare*, dock, station."

If we have been slow to recognize the word we are even more lethargic about providing owners of cars with the thing, the dock or station, itself. Last week *The Times* reported that there is a long waiting list for garages even in the new towns. At Aycliffe "demand for lock-up garages remained unsatisfied." At Crawley a new building contract would ensure that one house in 4.1 would have a garage. At Hemel Hempstead people were keeping their cars on allotments. At Welwyn the waiting list was 395. And these are new towns. The situation in the northern industrial towns, where garages are known, very properly, as garridges, is infinitely worse: a car-owning democracy may be feasible, but a garage-owning democracy is just not on.

After the Motor Show we need a Garage Show with five sections:

1. *Lock-up Garage Section.* The trouble with most existing lock-ups is that they are located in insalubrious and inaccessible plots. Also that there is usually no collecting vehicle—like the school bus—to conduct lock-up renters to and from their homes. A lock-up site is really a social centre and architects should conceive it as such. It should be furnished with shops, arcades,

crêches, pubs, places of religious worship, fountains of distilled water and so on. As motoring becomes more difficult during the working week and at week-ends more and more people will prefer to drive only at holiday times. It follows, therefore, that speculative lock-ups could be constructed in the remotest parts of our island...

## KEEP YOUR CAR IN THE BEAUTIFUL SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS.

Good lock-ups at reasonable rates. Enjoy year-round security and serenity of mind. Keep your car *always* in the surroundings it likes best. (Stand 2103)

2. *Do-it-Yourself Garage Conversion Section.* It is obvious that the front rooms or parlours of terrace houses have lost their social significance. The telly is in the living-room at the back of the house, and nobody in his senses cares to sit in a cold, damp, telly-less room, vibrating to the roar of street traffic and so impregnated with diesel fumes that even the aspidistra has a thin time. These front rooms are all potential garages. To convert, all you need to do is take out the bow window and shore up the ceiling with two-inch tubular steel girders. There is a do-it-yourself kit already on the market.

GARAGE-MASTER SET NO. O  
("ALL YOU NEED FOR THE JOB")  
Contains handy pick, junior crowbar, light lengths 2 in. tube steel, first aid requisites, hessian bags for broken glass, bricks, brick-dust, etc. Garage doors, leaded (2). Mortise lock. (Stand 308)

## 3. Prefabricated Garage Section

Almost any copy of *Radio Times* contains pages of ads. for new garages. There are wooden chalet-type garages, sheet steel garages and concrete garages of every shape and description—hundreds of them, all looking very fetching among the pictures of ex-Wren bras, outsize corsets and lamb's-wool lumber jackets. They are all very well, these prefab. car-docks or stations, but I still have the feeling that really large-scale manufacture is needed to meet the growing crisis. Wouldn't it be sensible if Ford or Vauxhall or the B.M.C. took over garage-production for a year or so? They have the resources, the know-how, the belt conveyors. Stand 117 would show a model of the Ford plant at Dagenham with Model G Garages (black only) rolling off the assembly lines. They would be cheap, durable and attractive. The B.M.C. model would have Farina styling and two-tone slide doors: the Vauxhall would have splendid fins, fluted streamlining.

## SIX REASONS WHY THE M.110 IS YOUR BEST GARAGE BUY.

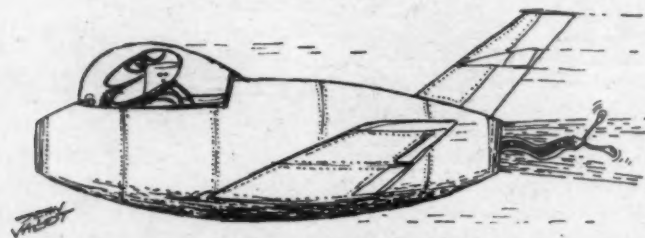
1. More head room (padded beams)
2. Reinforced side pillars (look, ladies!)
3. Built-in 2 ft. deep inspection well (just like a *real* garage)
4. Reliable . Transistor push-button garage radio.
5. Walls won't take nails for make-shift clothes-lines!
6. Rigid X-type frame. Sheffield steel throughout. Optional extras: Ash trays, fire extinguishers. (Stand 5021)

4. *Car-Covers Section.* These plastic and fabric covers are useful, but are they ingenious enough? Couldn't the cover just unfurl from the car roof at the touch of a button, to be zipped into place and made watertight in a jiffy?

## DON'T LEAVE YOUR AUTO IN THE WET

PROTECT IT WITH A KARKLOTH  
Just pull string and jump clear. Your car (all makes) stands clean and safe in self-erecting, weather and insect-proof ridge tent.

Only Karkloth has the new GN3



Formula Siliconized Anti-rot treatment. (Stand 210A)

5. *Garage on Wheels Section.* Better still, why not make the car its own garage, or the garage its own car? . . .

THE "TORTOISE" GARAGE CAR  
(Stand 1083)

Pitched roof, disc-brakes, built-in work bench, 40 m.p.g., damp-course, synchromesh X-type gear box, lightning conductor, mock-brick finish, bucket seats. Capacious boot takes lawn-mower, brooms, deck-chairs, paints and tools, mops and buckets, etc.

£799 (purchase tax included)

Just Stop and You're Garaged!!!

If you are interested in a Garage Show write to me c/o the G.A. (Garage Association), the R.G.C. (Royal Garage Club), or G.O.A. (Garage Owners Anonymous).

## Next of Kim

By PETER DICKINSON

*There is no reason to suppose that Kipling, with his knack of prophecy might not have foreseen that an underground organization would one day smuggle several thousand Indians and Pakistanis into Bradford*

HE sat, in defiance of municipal orders, cross-legged in the porch of the old Olympia Hall—the Job Shop, as the natives call the Bradford Employment Exchange. He had kicked Lala Dinanath's boy down the steps into the rain, and now little Chota Lal came clambering up.

"Let me in! Let me in!" he shrilled.

"Thy father was a pastry cook, thy mother stole the *ghi*," sang Kim. "Thine uncle was turned back by the immigration authorities!"

That was an utterly unfounded charge, sprung on the spur of the moment, but it silenced Chota Lal, who scuttered down the steps on to the wet, black-silk pavement, thronged with the press of all the races in the West Riding. Here were the slab-thumbed shoddycarders from Ferozepore; semi-skilled willeys walking with the swagger of their caste and the long, reaching step of the hillman; low-caste back-washers; dark-skinned warp-sizers, their beards dyed crimson but stiff and crackling

with dried size; and Kim knew them all—how they spat, walked, ate, slept and thought. Night after night he had sat among them, fifteen to a room in some long-dead attorney's house up Wibsey Way, while the oil-lamp in its niche burned heavily through the tobacco smoke and the conversation ran, full of clicks and grunts and pauses, back to the old days, back to the endless, unforgiving, sun-drowned plains of India with Mother Ganges hauling her huge length through the midst of it all, back to the time when the whisper ran like a breeze along the paddy fields that there was good work going in Bradford.

Now, though, out of the ruck of hurrying nations on the pavement, shuffled up the steps such a man as Kim had never seen. He was nearly six feet high, dressed in fold on fold of dingy stuff like horse-blanketing, and on his head was a gigantic sort of tam-o'-shanter. His face was yellow and wrinkled, like that of Luk Chin,

## Last Lines on the Polls

I NOTICE we don't hear so much of "the Polls": Those wizards and quizzards are hiding in holes. Remember the headlines? Remember the fuss As presumptuous men misinterpreted us, Till Britons decided the thing was a bore And didn't tell all to that man at the door?

Nor is it so sure, as they'd like to suppose, They were only deceived by the jolly "Don't Knows." Myself, when I'm badgered by Mr. Paul Pry, Have no hesitation in telling a lie: And that is the method I venture to urge If it's "How will you vote? or "How do you deterge?"

Well, Isaiah is silent; and after the fight Not one of the prophets pretends he was right. And yet, the next time, they will boldly explain, Like tipsters, "Unlucky! But try us again." So let us record with a very loud gong— They were wrong—and a nuisance—and useless—and

WRONG.

— A. P. H.

the bus-conductor on the 76 route. When he came up to the porch he peered at the swing-doors through eyes that turned up at the corners like little slits of onyx, and hesitated.

"What art thou?" asked Kim. "A Khitai?" [Chinaman]

"Nay, child. Didst thou hear of Bhotiyal? [Tibet] I am no Khitai but a Bhotiya—a lama—a *guru* as you would say."

"Oah, a *guru* from Bhotiyal. But what dost thou here?"

For answer the lama pulled out from the inexhaustible folds of his upper draperies a battered but official-looking booklet, such as Kim knew well.



"It started as a suicide note, but it's developing into a pretty good autobiography."



"Ohé," he cried, "a passport."

"Aye," answered the lama, "and here it is set down that I am Gobind Sahai—five foot three inches, hazel eyes, black hair, no distinguishing marks, unmarried, twenty-six." He spoke the words like a child repeating a lesson. "And here is another paper to certify that I am a gilling-box operator's mate—I that was Abbot of Such-zen." He sighed.

"But how came this?" Kim asked.

"I know not. One noon I stood in the Motee Bazaar when a townsman came to me and hissed between his lips—thus—and asked if I were a seeker. I answered that I sought but freedom from the Wheel of Things. Perchance these were, by my ill fortune, passwords of a sort, for he led me to a house

where they gave me that to drink whereof I fell into a slumber, and when I awoke my purse was taken from my girdle and I was on a *te-rain*. There they taught me, as thou hast heard, what words to say when I came to Bradford."

A fat farmer—a Kamboh from Jullundur way—pushed up the steps, his papers ready in his hand, and grunted "*Chup*, out of the way, or art thou the holy bull of Shiv to stand thus all day in the doorway?"

The lama stood meekly aside, but Kim said softly "If *this* holy one curse thee, O Kamboh, thou shalt never see overtime." And the Kamboh quivered and edged past like a mountaineer on a ledge. Heedless the lama continued his tale.

"And on the ship many were afflicted with a sickness, though I bade them free their souls from material things by meditation on the Wheel. And when the ship had finished its journey we stood at the *Cus-toms*, and many they sent back. But I, I forgot my teachings, being an old man, and said that I was Abbot of Such-zen. And they laughed and said that perchance I would soon be Father of the Chapel, and passed me through. Thus did they acquire merit, but now I know not whither I shall go."

He hesitated towards the swing doors.

"I shall protect thee," answered Kim. "Do I not know every alley in Bradford? When thou hast completed thy papers I shall show thee the house where Priestley Sahib was born."

And he led him in.

## Fawkes's Folly

*If the Gunpowder Plot had been successful three hundred and fifty four years ago this week, this picture and comment would probably have appeared in the November issue of a certain British magazine for tourists.*

The Houses of Parliament, showing "Fawkes's Folly" on the left. This building, designed by Inigo Jones for the site laid bare by Guy Fawkes's explosion in 1605, survived the fire of 1834 and was subsequently incorporated in Sir Charles Barry's scheme for rebuilding.



## London's Monument to Guy Fawkes

OF the vast millions of visitors who come to London, there can be few to whom the name "Fawkes's Folly" does not have a familiar ring. In the picture above it can be seen dominating the left-hand corner of the "seat of government" in which Britain's history has been, nay *is*, made. This "folly," or "folie," was constructed on the very spot where the celebrated—some

say notorious—Guy Fawkes died after igniting gunpowder beneath the Parliament chamber on November 5, 1605. The explosion, which could be heard more than a "figgin-throw" away, destroyed not only the parliament chamber but also a few "lowly but fayre" buildings adorning the frontage on to what is surely the oldest part of London's softly-running river.

There is little doubt that Inigo Jones "set to with delight in outward ornament" and fashioned a building that was to survive the fire of 1834 and provide a

foil to the rebuilt Westminster Palace as we know it to-day. Some say this was an early exercise for the Banqueting Hall in Whitehall. Others say nothing whatever. But of one thing we can, perhaps, be certain: the design was carried out in Jones's *Goffo* or *Maldestro* Period, and was partly influenced by his knowledge of Italian theatre perspectives. Much has been written of the embarrassment this highly-theatrical edifice caused to Cromwell during the Puritan ban on drama.

—KENNETH J. ROBINSON

# Dial O for Ombudsman

By LESLIE MARSH

ONE thing I have never managed to do in hurried visits to Scandinavia is to catch an ombudsman at his slack period. An ombudsman, as every schoolboy knows who happened to be listening to Mr. Morgan Phillips' address to Croydon Labour Party a week ago, is an independent Scandinavian official who investigates public grievances against the State and its servants, and every local councillor, Mr. Phillips advised, should be the ombudsman for his area.

To say that the pressure on ombudsmen will be acute when England wakes up and adopts the Norse code is an understatement, for if there is one sort of grievance an Englishman nourishes in his bosom like a viper it is one against the State and its servants. Shopkeepers may extort, neighbours rampage, employers oppress, women betray, artists offend, but these are peccadilloes we can pardon. The unforgivable, invulnerable in his armour of impersonality, is the man who signs himself with a smirk, under cowardly cover of an O.H.M.S. or Borough Council envelope, "your obedient servant."

When it is merely a matter of ringing up your local ombudsman at any hour, as if he were the B.B.C., where will the poor devil begin? What priorities will he allot to the complaints from victims of haughty gas-meter readers and truculent weights and measures inspectors, to those who have suffered under the condescension of jackanapes from the National Debt Office and Office for the Purchase of Government Life Annuities or the Tithe Redemption Commission, let alone to the worms who have at last turned against the bumbling inquisitors from the Commissioners of Northern Lighthouses, White Fish Authority or Lee Conservancy Catchment Board?

Alphabetical order won't help him, because a closely knit, well-thought-out indictment of the Water Board just gets buried down there in the W file, three from the bottom, while a slightly hysterical undocumented diatribe on the shortcomings of the Admiralty goes to the top of the As. First come, first served, can be a useful rough and ready principle, but only an insensitive investigator will put a trivial, if galling, impertinence from the Public Works Loan Board

before a grave indiscretion by the Political Honours Scrutiny Committee just because the asphalt man rang up a few minutes in front of the knight so palely, and interminably, loitering.

Even when the causes of rage have been equitably classified the delicate problem of approach to the accused has to be solved. Complaints are *sub judice*. They are in the alleged or so-called line of country. It is prejudicial, slanderous, and well-nigh *ultra vires* to say to some underling of the Acceptance Officer and Officer in Charge of Legality of Investments, Public Trustee Office, "Looks like a shady bit of work in this probate," merely on the *ex parte* evidence, and hearsay at that, of a disinherited ne'er-do-well. The correct form must be more on the lines of "May I refresh my memory on that rather intricate codicil?"

Hand in hand with diplomacy must sometimes go speed. No doubt there will be occasional idle intervals when the ombudsmen's night picket will be sitting round in an upper room playing pontoon, reading Machiavelli's *The Prince* and drinking tea, when the dramatic call comes to abate an urgent nuisance such as the sale of uneatable porridge, demanding an instant visit to the Adviser on Imported Cereals, Ministry of Agriculture—and the next-for-duty ombuddy slides down the pole and belts away lickety-split, clanging his bell.

When the many-sided ombudsman has satisfied the examiners that he possesses all these diverse qualities there



must remain the question of his own integrity. Nothing undermines public confidence more certainly than a suspicion that you have a man-sized grievance against the man who is supposed to be investigating your grievance, that the double-crosser is in cahoots all the time with the Metabolic Disturbances in Surgery Research Unit (Medical Research Council) and the Manager of Wholesale Spirits Stores (Home Office), in some obscure way playing one off against the other while the griever gets nowhere. Blackmail and graft are ugly words which I will not use, but susceptibility, to put it no higher, is a weakness which the Ombudsman Cadet Training Unit will have to judge severely. We are looking for dedicated men, a *corps d'élite* of Caesar's wives. This is the career open to talents.

## PRESENT LAUGHTER

TO mention Christmas now seems alarmist, and we apologize. It is simply to remind you that far-flung friends, muttering last dates for posting, are already busy with paper and string and greetings, and that this is the year you swore to send early (last year), and really get in first (at last). So let us send them PUNCH throughout 1960. You'll get in not only first but fifty-two times. No paper, no string. We even send the greetings on your behalf to arrive at Christmas. (But you will have to send us the name and address of yourself and your friend together with a remittance to Department ED., PUNCH, 10 Bouverie St., London, E.C.4.) Subscription details (including all seasonal numbers plus the extra *Punch Almanack*):

Great Britain and Eire	Canada	Elsewhere Overseas
	(By Canadian Magazine Post)	
£2 16 0	£2 10 0 (\$7.25)	£3 0 0 (U.S.A. \$9.00)

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## ANOTHER ASTONISHING MOON PHOTOGRAPH

Everyone is familiar with the aspect of the distant side of the Moon, as depicted in the photograph transmitted from the Russian Lunik and published in the press of the world last week.

We have now secured an even more remarkable photograph. This shows, in lucid detail, the face of the moon *opposite* the face photographed by the Lunik.

It can be claimed with confidence that this is the only photograph of this face of the moon to have been published in any British periodical during the past ten days. Did you recognize it?

LONDON, Wednesday  
**T**HE side of the moon opposite to the Soviet hemisphere turns out to be even more remarkable than that. Not only is it pitted over almost the whole of its surface with craters, mountain-ranges and "seas" so disposed as to suggest a rough parallel with a human face, or Man, but these features have already been lavishly named.

— By an extraordinary coincidence,

some of the names actually correspond with the names of similar features on earth. There are mountain-ranges called the Apennines, the Carpathians, and the Caucasus. Other features are named after well-known terrestrial scientists, such as Tycho Brahe, Julius Caesar, Copernicus, Horrocks (presumably General Sir Brian Horrocks), and so on.

There is only one conclusion to be drawn from this.

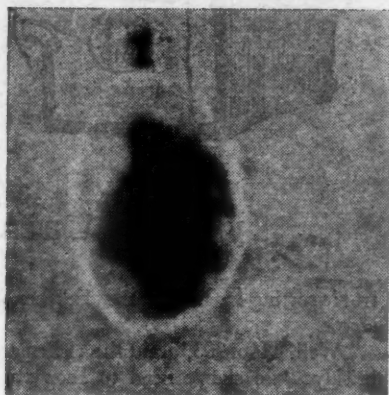
**This must suggest that lunar astronomers have been keeping the earth under close observation for several centuries.**

A number of features near the side of the visible disc are also visible on the Soviet side. These include the Humboldt Sea (known to *The Times* as the Gumboldt Sea and to the *Daily Express* as the Gunboldt Sea), the Sea of Crises, the Sea of Waves, the Sea of Fertility, etc.

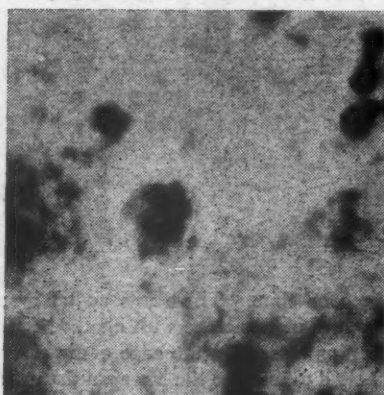


## Get to know the Russian side of the Moon!

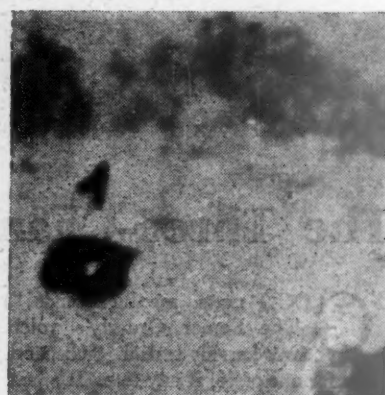
The names of the principal features on the distant side of the Moon have been indicated in the published photographs so well-known in this country, but the smaller features have not yet been pinpointed. On the ground that anyone can give a name to a feature if he feels like it, since the need to make an actual landing there and stick a Union Jack in it no longer appears to exist, we have given some suitable explanations of a few features that appeal to us.



This enlargement of the Sea of Moscow clearly shows the brilliant white ring which completely surrounds it. This has been named the Gestapo Barrier and is thought to consist of closely-packed security guards. Viewed from due west, the Sea of Moscow suggests a royal crown.



Astronomers have been highly interested in the faint striations to the left, or west, of the large crater in the centre of this enlargement. They believe them to consist of the fingerprints of a photographic assistant employed in the office of Professor Mikhailov of the Soviet Academy of Sciences.



Two highly significant features appear on the photograph reproduced above. The irregular black patch with a white dot in it marks the point where the Art Editor of *Pravda* centred his compasses in order to draw a circle round the moon. The angular object north of it is a crashed flying saucer.

## IS THIS REALLY THE MOON?

The photograph on the right has been widely publicized as representing the far side of the Moon.

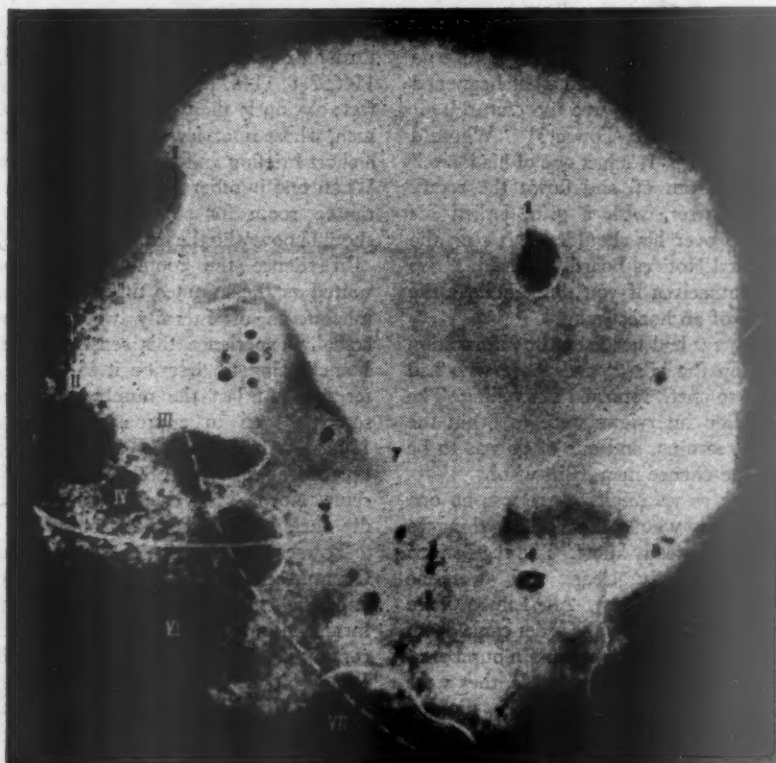
Is this really what it is?

Eminent scientists are already beginning to express their doubts. "There are a number of other things that it might just as well be," said a spokesman for the British Interplanetary Society.

### Ring Round the Moon

Suspicion was first raised by the fact that the body is anything but round, so that even reputable papers like the *Daily Telegraph* have found it necessary to touch in a circular outline in order to make it approximately recognizable.

One theory which is being voiced is that the picture shows the skull of Georgi Maximilianovitch Malenkov. "The left eye-socket is the space marked as the Regional Sea," writes our Soviet Correspondent, "the right eye-socket the dark patch above the so-called Sea of Waves, the mouth the alleged continuation of the Mare Australe. The dark patch in the top right-hand sector, the so-called Moscow Sea, looks much more like the hole made by a .45 revolver bullet at close range."



A series defining moments of crisis and redirection in private lives

## turning point



### The Three-Chancer

By John Wain

"GOOD news, me lucky lads!" The Senior Orderly's voice was harshly genial. "Or good news for one of ye, at any rate. It's just come through that somewhere among your batch there's a three-chancer."

"A three-chancer!" "Phew!" A stir of excitement rippled through the long recreation hall. The rummy-players laid down their cards, the fretsaw class in the corner straightened up from their models of Balmoral Castle and the Rockefeller Centre, and I shut my First Folio with a snap. I couldn't go on reading, even to see what happened to Iachimo. This was too disturbing.

"Are you sure, Towser?" "Where'd you hear?" "It's just one of his jokes," echoed from up and down the room. But Towser, with a grin, jerked his thumb over his shoulder. "It's on the General Notices Board," he said. "See for yourselves if you don't believe the word of an honest man."

Towser had not lied; the information was on the board, and those who had been to check returned marvelling. The selection interviews were to begin the next morning, and one of us was to be a three-chance man. But who?

Talk as we might, there was no one among us who could add anything to what we already knew. The regulations were perfectly clear, and everyone understood them. All Limbs were treated alike, and if the order came down from Up Above that a certain number of plural chances were available, they were treated exactly like lottery tickets. Everyone had the same chance.

The next morning we all assembled

in good time. There was no talking; each of us was alone with his thoughts. Sitting tensely on the edge of my chair I tried to imagine the life-span that was about to begin, but with no success. Like all Limbs, Earth-bound, I had read the *Earth Handbook*, but the facts and figures it contained had no imaginative life for me. They were just statistics.

A light flashed on the screen above the door. The interviews had begun. The first numbers to be called began filing through the door. 11465278, 11465279, 11465280, 11465281—they were moving fast; obviously these were single-chance men, whose interview was no more than a short briefing and a word of farewell. When one number stayed in the committee room for several minutes we should know who the three-chancer was.

In silence the roomful of Limbs waited as the minutes ticked by. (As inhabitants of Eternity we did not actually experience this sensation, but I am having to describe it in Earthly terms.) At last the numbers on the screen began to approach my own. 11465300, 11465301, 11465302: I stood up. Mine was 11465303, and here it came. Now to know the fate that awaited me during my Earth-manifestation.

Towser pushed open the door of the Committee-room, and I was inside. At once I felt more at ease. The room was furnished in a gentle, civilized way; the committee, four sober and responsible Limperms, gave me a courteous welcome and the chairman motioned me to be seated. As I sat down, my glance moved involuntarily towards the elec-

tronic sorting-machine at the chairman's elbow.

"Well, 11465303," said the chairman briskly, "we shan't need to keep you long. We trust you've had a pleasant stay here and we wish you the best of luck in your next span of life, which, as you know, is on Earth. It's an unpredictable planet, and we must stress that no one up here is responsible for anything that happens to you once you've gone through the processing they call 'birth.' When you get down there you're on your own."

This was evidently a standard formula and I replied simply "Yes, sir, I understand."

"Now," he continued, "I'll just select your chance from the machine here," and he turned to the apparatus and pressed a button. The machine began to hum and click quietly, as if talking to itself.

"As you also know," said the chairman, "this is a rather exceptional batch in that it contains, so we're informed, one triple chance." The machine whirled on, and he spoke quietly, almost listlessly, more to fill in the awkward silence than to tell me what I already knew. "Most Limbs who are sent to Earth are given no choice of parentage or nationality. A Limb comes in here, we draw his ticket from the machine, and he goes straight off to be born. Sometimes we find he's assigned to a couple of backward and diseased savages living in a clay hut, sometimes we're happy to tell him that his parents are prosperous and able and that he's likely to inherit a good share of what's going.

The one thing we can't do is to foretell the future. We just don't know it ourselves: that's all settled Up Above."

As he spoke, the machine stopped its whirring. My heart gave a great lurch. All eyes were on the chairman as he pulled out the ticket.

For a moment he was silent. But I knew that something extraordinary had happened, from the way everyone was staring at the ticket. It must have been of unusual design. Was it, *was it* the triple chance?

As soon as he had recovered himself the chairman looked up. The smile he gave me was one of sincere congratulation.

"I have the honour to inform you, 11465303," he said, "that you have been fortunate enough to draw a triple chance in the Earth-lottery." A spontaneous murmur of pleasure came from the other members, and one after another they leaned across the table to shake my hand. I could hardly contain my elation, but the chairman's next words restored me to gravity.

"And now let's see what your three

chances are. Naturally we didn't examine the alternatives before drawing the ticket, such being our instructions."

As he spoke he opened a drawer and produced a sealed envelope, tore it open and took out a typewritten sheet. The room was perfectly still as he began to read, but to me it seemed to be shaking with my heartbeats.

"Choice 1. Professor and Frau Professor Gunther Wurmitz, of Heidelberg University. Father's occupation: scholar and teacher."

The committee gave vent to another murmur of astonishment. From the way they looked at me I could see that they could hardly believe my amazing luck.

"Choice 2," the chairman read. "Maurycy Rzewusky and his wife Maria; of Hoszcza, Province of Volhynia, Poland. Father's occupation: elastic-band importer."

The committee shrugged. Better than nothing, they seemed to imply.

"Choice 3. Arnold and Anne Wain, of Stoke-on-Trent, county of Staffordshire, England. Father's occupation: dentist."

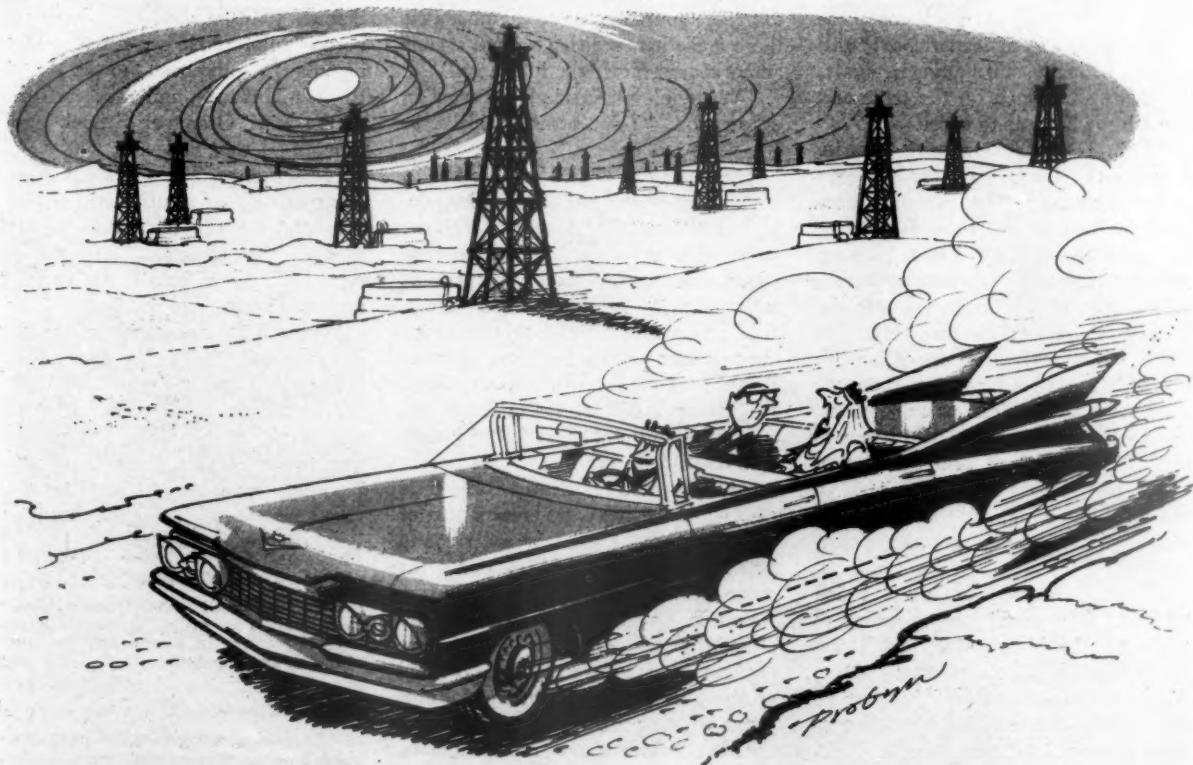
Everyone relaxed. The members of the committee, sitting back in their chairs, beamed at me with the geniality of schoolmasters towards a prize pupil. Three remarkably fortunate choices! Even the elastic band importer in Hoszcza, even the dentist in Stoke-on-Trent, were tolerable compared with—say—disease-ridden pigmies in the African bush, or Eskimos hunched waiting beside a hole in the ice.

"You realize, of course," said the chairman, looking at me keenly, "what a remarkable muster this is? No fewer than three Europeans, at a time in Earth-history when Europe is the dominant section of that planet, and its inhabitants looked up to with envy by all the others."

"Yes, sir," I said. "The *Earth Handbook* makes that very clear."

"What are your interests?" he asked. "You've had the regulation amount of time, during your stay here, to study the possible types of activity on Earth; have you decided which of them attracts you?"

"Yes, sir," I said. "The most



"It's a living."



# Man in Apron by *Larry*



interesting activities of Earth-people seem to me their arts, and the art I am most drawn to is literature. I'd like a chance to become a writer."

At this a positive clamour arose from the committee, all talking at once: "Remarkable!" "Too good to be true!" "The most extraordinary piece of good fortune in my experience!" and the like. Finally, still smiling benignly, the chairman rapped on the table and called his colleagues to order.

"Well, 11465303," he said, "you're a very lucky Limb. You've got your perfect opening. The son of a professor at one of the most famous of European universities! And to grow up among a nation as conscious of literary values, and as respectful towards the literary character, as the Germans! Once more, my heartiest congratulations." Taking out a rubber stamp he thumped it several times on a document, scrawled a signature and held it out to me. "Here you are, and the best of luck. Just show this to the people in charge of Outgoing, and they'll arrange transport. May you become a new Goethe!"

They all beamed at me. I felt terrible. How could I bring myself to tell them the blunt truth, that I was turning down this munificent offer? They were so good-naturedly pleased on my behalf—how could I bear to turn their pleasure into annoyance?

Still, it had to be done. My whole life as an Earth-creature was more important, even, than their feelings.

"I—I'm sorry, Mr. Chairman," I stammered miserably. "I know it sounds absurd, but I—the fact is, I just don't see myself—"

His face clouded. "Come, come, my dear young Limb," he said. "We haven't got all day. It's been a pleasure to handle your case, but remember that there are others waiting. Here's your authorization, now take it and go."

"You don't understand," I cried in desperation. "I don't *want* Heidelberg. It's—it's just not *me*."

The chairman looked pained, but in the ensuing silence one of his colleagues, a rotund, benevolent Limperm with the air of one who has travelled far and seen much, leaned across with a sympathetic smile at me. "I think I understand, B.J.," he said. "These literary chaps have strange urges sometimes. I fancy I can read our young friend's mind. Heidelberg would be *too* civilized, too academic, d'ye see? Too full of people who'd read everything. He wants somewhere more romantic. He feels the call of the romantic eastern part of Europe, where life's less orderly and predictable. Poland! Now that's the sort of place for a young poet to grow up. According to the *Handbook*—and after all, B.J., we made it compulsory reading—the inhabitants of Poland combine the high civilization of Europeans with a romantic verve similar to the dwellers in more remote places. It's Poland for him, I can see that, and good luck to him!" He twinkled at me, and sat back in his chair. The

other members were nodding sagely.

"Well," said the chairman doubtfully, "it's his own choice; I'm not at all sure that he's doing right, but if that's how he feels . . ." Picking up a second document, he reached for his rubber stamp again.

With a tremendous effort I stirred myself to speak now, before it was too late. "It's no use, sir," I heard my voice saying, as if from a tremendous distance. "Call me mad if you like, say I'm ungrateful, but I . . . I just . . ."

My words trailed into an incoherent mumble and stopped. It was out now. Every member of the committee was staring at me with outraged disappointment; I kept my eyes lowered, miserably clapping and unclapping my fingers.

"But *why*?" I heard the voice of the member who had just interceded on my behalf. "In heaven's name, *why*?"

I knew better than to answer: Briefly, I imagined myself trying to make them understand. "You see, I've been reading Earth-literature, and one of the strongest national groups seems to be the English, and the two English writers I liked best were Shakespeare and Samuel Johnson, and they were both born of comfortable but not pretentious parents in provincial towns in the English Midlands, and they each went to the local Grammar School, and I thought—I thought—"

It was useless. The time for politeness was past. Rising to my feet, I held out my hand for the third document; in silence, the chairman stamped and signed it. As he held it out to me he avoided looking into my face.

With the document safe in my hand, I turned and went to the door. Before going out, I cast one final look back at the committee as they sat, unforgiving and silent, at the table. "Good-bye, gentlemen," I said, "and thank you." No one answered, and I went out to see about transport. It was the first time I had hurt anyone's feelings.

## GLOSSARY

"Limb" (colloq.): inhabitants of Limbo.  
 "Limperms": an order of beings permanently resident in Limbo and responsible for its administration.



"Permission was granted to turn agricultural land in Strathmore Street, Barnhill, into a burial ground for Monifieth Town Council."—*Dundee Courier and Advertiser*  
 Nottingham, please note.

## What Khrushchev Missed

*B. A. YOUNG spends a day in Disneyland*

DOCTOR BAERLEITER has co-opted the services of his nephew Gary, aged thirteen, to add authenticity to our visit to Disneyland. Gary displays wild excitement during the drive there. He has made such elaborate arrangements as putting a clean T-shirt on and having his hair cut (\$1.50, or ten shillings odd, anywhere in California). But when we are still a mile or so short of Disneyland he sees a sign advertising someone-or-other's berry pies, and for some reason that might be understood by other thirteen-year-old American boys but certainly not by me he transfers all his enthusiasm to those. However, nothing is going to deprive the doctor and his brother-in-law and me of our day in Disneyland, so on we go, ignoring the complaints from the back seat, and then suddenly we draw alongside the Disneyland Hotel and all is sunlight again.

The Disneyland Hotel is made out of a giant's Meccano set and is obviously inhabited by gruesome little animal figures from Mr. Disney's cartoons. As we pass it—a gaily-painted tractor trundles out towing a couple of gaily-painted trailers, and it is a shock to see real people sitting under the bright striped awnings that shade them. It crosses the highway into the car-park and we follow it. As far as the eye can reach in every direction there are cars parked on the hot gravel desert. Far away in the distance a descending helicopter indicates where Disneyland lies shimmering in the sun.

Another tractor draws up and transports us to the gates of the promised land. We pass inside and immediately we move back fifty years.

Here is the America of 1890-1910, at the cross-roads of an era, where the gas-lamp is gradually being replaced by the electric lamp; the plodding, horse-drawn street car is giving way to the chugging "horseless carriage."

This is not my description, it comes from *Walt Disney's Guide to Disneyland*, which we are sold by an All-American Boy in a red blazer and a straw hat. There is a beautiful picture of Sleeping

Beauty Castle on one half of the cover, with a full-face view of Mr. Disney on the other half. Gary is delighted. "Gee, wait a minute," he pleads, sits down on a bench outside the office where you make inquiries for Lost Parents (*sic*), and gives Mr. Disney horn-rimmed glasses, a thick moustache and beard, eyebrows like Groucho Marx and a missing front tooth. "Did you enjoy that?" asks the doctor. "Sure," says Gary, "it made my day."

In Main Street, America of 1910, there is a horse-drawn fire-engine, and a motor-driven bus (with anachronistic pneumatic tyres) taking over from a horse-drawn street car; and a town band in red uniforms, and an ice-cream parlour, and an opera house, and a bank, and a shop which sells candles of glorious variety, and a joint where you can have (to quote Mr. Disney again) "a gay twirl with your best girl to the dance-rhythms of Disneyland's popular Date Neters orchestra." "Who wants silly girls?" Gary inquires, leading us into Adventureland.

There is a stall in Adventureland at which we can buy tropical equipment

such as melons, straw hats and post-cards; but we ignore this and embark instead on a river-steamer about to start on a cruise along an inland waterway compounded of "the misty Amazon with its tropical rainforest; the murky Mekong River of Indochina; the dangerous hippopotamus-filled waters of the Belgian Congo; and the swirling rapids of the Nile." (All *sic*, of course.)

And boy, what adventures we meet there! Plastic elephants trumpet at us from the bank. Plush lions, tigers and giraffes stare menacingly at us. Cannibals execute a war-dance. Enormous butterflies feed on enormous tropical flowers. A hippo rises from the water in our path, and the All-American Boy who forms our entire crew coolly draws a pistol from his belt and shoots it. "Wheee!" says Gary, genuinely moved by this wanton cruelty. "I wonder," the doctor muses, "where they get all these All-American Boys from?" "Working their way through college, I guess," says his brother-in-law. "Saving up for a haircut, more likely," Gary says sourly.

From Adventureland we pass to



"I thought you said you were an ardent capitalist?"

Frontierland. Frontierland is blissful. It contains a glorious scale-model of Tom Sawyer's island, minutely exact according to Mark Twain's descriptions; and a tall river-steamer to sail past it with a load of happy passengers, fully eight per cent of whom are children, and the town band playing in the bows. There are a stage coach and a mule-train and a log raft and a stockade where an All-American Boy will teach you to shoot a rifle against the Indians. Just to show there is no ill-feeling there are also Indians, one of whom finishes a

"feast dance" just before we arrive, and has now removed his feathered head-dress and is combing his hair with a comb taken from his pants pocket. If it were not that Tomorrowland is around the corner we would happily stay in Frontierland all day, drinking Orange Firewater and Grape Firewater (*sic, sic, sic*) when the excitement was too much for us.

In the middle of Tomorrowland stands a space-rocket; presumably it was either this or the nuclear submarines that circumnavigate the pool

beneath the overhead monorail that Mr. K. was not allowed to see. There is also a Space Chamber in which you can go to the Moon, and something called the Richfield Diorama illustrating "The World Beneath Us," which, oddly enough in Tomorrowland, is about prehistoric animals. From near the base of the rocket we mount (after standing for forty minutes in a well-conducted queue) to the Skyway, and ride in a bucket fifty feet up slap through the middle of a plaster replica of the Matterhorn ("as high as a fourteen-story building," says the guide indefinitely) into Fantasyland, which Gary thinks is kid stuff.

The proportion of kids has, as a matter of fact, increased somewhat as time passes, and is now, at a quick estimate, about fifteen per cent.

For us three adults the day is unalloyed enchantment, but Gary seems to be flagging, and, imagining him to be hungry, we hurry him back to Main Street for stoking. But it seems that he is the victim of a great disappointment. "The book shows Mr. Disney everywhere," he complains, pointing with a grubby thumb to Mr. D. outside Sleeping Beauty Castle (p. 2), Mr. D. driving an engine (p. 4), Mr. D. sitting in a roller-coaster (p. 8), Mr. D. disguised as an Indian chief (p. 14), Mr. D. dressed as a sheriff (p. 16), Mr. D. driving a miniature car along the Autopia Freeway (p. 18) and Mr. D. piloting an Adventureland river-boat (p. 22). "I never got to see him *any* place."

"Never mind," the doctor soothes him. "In a few years you'll be old enough to come and work here. I can see where in a little while it will be a major industry for American youth."

"Maybe it'll get status as a college," says his brother-in-law. "I read the other day that the Dean of Harvard said that the main object of a college education is to keep young people off the streets and off the labour market. They're doing both those here all right."

"Work here!" says Gary disgustedly. "Wouldn't you like to steer one of those boats and shoot hippopotamuses?" I ask him. "Not if it was *work*," he says. "I wouldn't be any better than Mr. Disney then, would I? Gee, I wouldn't want kids drawing moustaches and beards all over *me*."





## In the City



### Investing in Success

**A**N enterprising firm of stockbrokers, Vickers da Costa, chose the appropriate date—August 12—for launching a new type of investment trust, which they christened with Mr. R. A. Butler's Conservative Party motto "Investing in Success."

It was appropriate, not only because that is the day on which the accurate shooting of fat grouse begins; even more important was the prophetic wisdom of choosing for this launching the start of what was to be the steepest and most concentrated boom the Stock Exchange has ever staged in its long history.

"Investing in Success," to the attractions of which, as we have recently heard, the Leader of the Labour Party was drawn (and, indeed, why not?), is an investment trust run on unusual lines. Its policy is to invest in companies with approved record of success: those whose latest trading profits before depreciation at least doubled the average of two financial years ending within the period June 1951 to June 1953; whose trading profits since the beginning of the period have never fallen more than 25 per cent from the previous peak; and whose dividend, adjusted for scrip issues, must never have been reduced.

Another important and intriguing feature of this venture is the fact that the board includes two noted economists. It used to be said that where three economists are gathered together there are four opinions, two of them being Keynes's; and one wonders how many conflicting views will emerge from the clash between Mr. Nicholas Kaldor of Cambridge and Sir George MacDougall of Oxford. Mr Kaldor has been economic adviser to the Labour Party and was the minority on the Royal Commission on Taxation. In particular he wants to tax capital gains and he must, therefore, do his best to create them through this venture.

Sir George MacDougall, who played a considerable though inconspicuously discreet role in advising the Conservative Government when Lord Cherwell

was virtually second Chancellor of the Exchequer between 1951 and 1956, had the misfortune to publish an imposing book arguing that the dollar gap would be with us indefinitely, just when that gap was about to disappear. That mishap may have cleared his foresights for the more mundane affairs of Stock Exchange investment.

These economists certainly believe in the proper incentive. The directors' remuneration in this trust is to be calculated at  $\frac{1}{8}$  per cent of the company's net worth. The wiser the advice, the more successful the investment, the greater the reward of the managers. If the best is to be got out of the capitalist system, even in institutions advised by Socialists, there should be a trace of this in all remuneration.

## In the Country



### Tree Surgery

**"CAN** you recommend a tree surgeon?"

I blinked and then asked "Whatever for?"

"We're going to have the garden-house rethatched. That big branch of the poplar might fall in a gale and I'd rather it went now, under control, before the thatching's done."

"Oh, Barker'll do that, though he only calls himself a feller."

Barker turned up in his usual rag-bag working clothes with dirty, calloused hands, and a grubby assistant, with modest tackle in a battered pick-up. A timid question about the risk to the tree's life evoked a reassuring boast: when he cut trees, they lived longer. Yes, and were stronger and safer too.

Up aloft he'd then go, with the assistant and a saw and some ropes, and soon the threatening limb had been swung off, in three pieces and with no crash. The assistant dressed the wound while Barker coped with the pieces and packing-up. The owner paid rather less than he expected and then started to question me about tree surgery.

I confessed that his original inquiry had teased me into looking into magazines and books. My forestry

"Investing in Success" is now the preserve of friends and clients of Vickers da Costa. But the intention is to make it a public company and to introduce shares on the Stock Exchange some time in 1961 when the Conservative boom will no doubt be at its height.

What about "Investing in Success" now? Here are four companies which have recently announced much improved results and look like improving further on that performance: Brooke Bond & Co., the wholesale tea dealers and merchants; Fisons, whose chemical fertilizers are growing fat profits; Kennings, the motor distributors, whose trade is, needless to say, booming; Harrisons & Crosfield's, the Far Eastern merchants, who are sharing the rubber's recovery.

— LOMBARD LANE

journals seemed to have no advertisements or mention of tree surgery. The standard *Grafter's Handbook* (and grafting is the oldest and most scientific branch of this kind of job) made one equivocal mention of "so-called tree surgery": none of the one hundred and one reference titles at the end included the word surgery or surgeon. One amateur tree-magazine with a predominantly female readership had four tree surgeon advertisements. America, on the other hand, seemed stiff with them.

Not that tree surgeons are charlatans. To tend valuable trees, to prune and shape to Kew standards, is skilled work. To splint a crooked leader into straightness; to excise rots and to drain and fill water-holding cavities; to decide when strictly conservative treatment is indicated or when the only reasonable hope lies in a kill-or-cure operation—all these are a big step-up on firewood cutting. Experience of different anti-septic dressings for tree wounds, of how to cause the least damage to living tissues, to discourage bleeding and promote quick healing—the jargon as well as the actual amputations invite an analogy with surgery. And the word itself looks well on notepaper and helps to justify what might seem to the ignorant a high fee for work possibly misjudged to be merely two hours' hacking and sawing.

Yet many English tree-people remain resistant to a suggestion of inflated nomenclature. And personally I'd be humble for other reasons if I were in that line. You never read of anyone having to re-open a tree to recover a lost ball of twine or of a tree dying of a pair of secateurs left inside it.

— J. D. U. WARD

# Toby Competitions

## No. 86—Freedom

**W**RITE an extract from the Queen's Speech to Parliament assuming that a Liberal Government had been returned. Limit, 120 words.

A prize consisting of a framed *Punch* original, to be selected from all available drawings, is offered for the best entry. Runners-up will receive a book token to the value of one guinea. Entries by first post on Friday, November 13, to TOBY COMPETITION No. 86, *Punch*, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

## Report on Competition No. 83

(*Green Tongues*)

Letters of thanks from non-gardening visitors to gardening hosts flowed in and clearly provided a safety-valve; but there was a sameness about most of them, all backs wrenched by weeding and limbs damaged by stepped-on rakes. The winner, who gave a rather subtler form to a popular approach, is:

J. S. DINSDALE  
14 HIGHER TOWER ROAD  
NEWQUAY, CORNWALL

DEAR SHEILA,—What a beautiful day it was on Sunday, and how fortunate you are in having such a sun-drenched lawn. I envy you the moral courage which enables you to turn your back on deck-chair idleness and iced drinks.

The leafy shade of your apple trees must also tempt you, but if you gave way to their blandishments you would have none of those glorious flowers and things that grow with such smooth discipline in all their beds. I greatly admired your healthy crop of tomatoes; I have just bought two stone at 4d. a lb. for bottling, such a glut this year my greengrocer tells me. The flowers you gave me look lovely in the drawing-room.

MAUDE

## Runners-up:

DEAR ADAM,—It was nice of you to have me, God wot. I must say I found your lovely garden a real eye-opener. Time seemed to stand still there. An experience I'll not soon get over. Do pop in when you come this way. I'd love you to see our window-box—we get it done by a chap round the corner. He does the flowers at the Blue Bell—that's our local. So you can see he's pretty good. We could have a good look at them too. It'll give you some idea. I'll get the Latin names from him. He swears it's the dregs that do it. He'll give you some tips.

Forget-me-not,

GEORGE

E. C. Jenkins, 41 Redlands Road, Penarth, Glam.

Just a line to thank you for a delightful week-end. You certainly have a magnificent garden. I'm afraid you must have thought me terribly ignorant but, living in London as I do, one loses touch with the grim realities of Nature. It is really fantastic what you have managed to do in such a short time. Why, I remember when the Larkins lived there, the place was an absolute wilderness. We used to sit about all day on a little patch of lawn, having drinks, and nobody ever thought of doing any gardening. There were a few wild flowers here and there, but old Bob Larkins couldn't have put a name to one to save his life. Disgraceful really, I suppose.—R. G. R. Marsden, Holly Tree Farm, Kirdford, Billingshurst

DEAR X,—I feel I ought to write and thank you for a truly unforgettable experience. I returned home filled with envy for those who, like yourself, can find an unfailing source of enjoyment in their gardens, and never tire of showing their treasures to their less fortunate friends.

I look forward eagerly to the privilege of returning your hospitality. My flat does not allow of horticulture, but I have an extensive collection of beer mats, *every one with a story attached*, which I should delight to exhibit to you. I flatter myself that you would be as much entertained by them as I was by the almost endless wonders of your floral display.

Yours sincerely, Y.

R. Kennard Davis, On the Hill, Pilton, Shepton Mallet, Somerset

DEAR GREGORY,—Thanks for the absorbing time spent in your garden. I admire both your energy and your botanical knowledge. A pity the police must destroy your newest acquisition—American thorn-apple.

I take my horticultural pursuits less strenuously. I enjoy the healthy benefits of drinking infused hops; my palate is titillated by the juice of the grape but I enjoy most of all the captivating effects of perfumes which the French distil so cunningly from the exotic flowers which adorn the Côte d'Azur.

Why not spend a week-end in my flat? I can show you how man's ingenuity has harnessed Mother Nature so that one may enjoy her largesse with no effort at all.

Yours sincerely,

BENEDICT

R. E. Ansell, 22 Sharmans Cross Road, Solihull, Warwickshire

Guinea book-tokens to the above, and to:

W. Benfield, 7 Bowen's Hill Road, Coleford, Glos.; B. S. Knowles, Trap Hill, Formby, Lancs.; R. A. McKenzie, 28 Harold Road, Beulah Spa, London, S.E.19

☆

"GIRL IN SEA SAVED BY BARING"

Daily Express

Mass rush by Lifeguards.

## THEN AS NOW



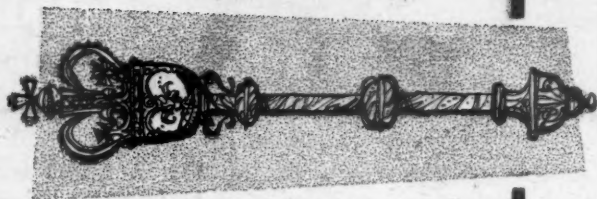
## DISAGREEABLE TRUTH

Soldier. "Now, THEN! YOU MUST MOVE AWAY FROM HERE."

Rude Boy. "Ah! BUT YOU MUSTN'T, OLD FELLER!"

December 13, 1851

## Essence



## of Parliament

**F**IRST blood—not perhaps unexpectedly—to Mrs. Braddock. She was the first, other than the Speaker, to burst into the sunless sea of the session's debates. But it was—let us face it—rather like the dog standing on its hind legs. It was not that she did it well, but it was a wonder that she did it at all. She interrupted the Speaker who was proposing the formal Bill which assures Members free access to Westminster with an alleged point of order that there should, with modern traffic, be an underground passage across the street to Palace Yard. The Speaker replied that this was not a point of order. He did not add that there was an underground passage a few yards away at Westminster Station. It is funny that Mrs. Braddock should not have found that out in fourteen years of membership.

New Members are usually advised to wait a little and absorb the atmosphere before tempting fate with their maiden. A few Labour Members rejected that advice—among them, most to be pitied, Mr. Baxter of West Stirlingshire, who had the great misfortune to be taken ill during his speech. But those Members at least acquired loquacity. Mr. Gardner, the Conservative Member for Billericay, who was called upon to second the Address, had loquacity thrust upon him. The compliment implied doubtless filled him with legitimate pride. Still it cannot be denied that it had its inconvenient side. He was thrown into the pool on his very first day. It is, it seems, no new experience for this gallant naval officer,

twice sunk by enemy action, and the House of Commons, as he soon showed, had no terrors after a torpedo. He acquitted himself admirably. So did the mover, the most excellent Mr. Tiley. What a good man he is! There are all too many Dick Whittingtons in modern England—men who seem to think that life is unlivable unless it is lived in London. How admirable are those people who prefer Bradford and make no bones about it. Yet even among them Mr. Priestley, though he keeps his Yorkshire accent, seems to choose to deploy it in the south and Mr. John Braine is beginning to wonder whether there is room enough at the top in Bingley. Mr. Tiley is without hesitations—Bradford and proud of it. He is a master of statistics when such unholy things are called for, but he has a broad, beaming Good Companions smile, when the good company is on tap.

In the debate on the Address many Members make speeches on many subjects. That is in itself an advantage over other debates when they all make the same speech one after the other. But it makes summary in a single page impossible. If a prize is to be given I would give it to Mr. Ted Leather with his brave, brash warnings of the "goings-on" in the City—a very model of what a useful back-bencher's speech should be. The debate's most interesting appearance—apart from the most interesting speech—was that of Mr. Denis Healey, another boy from Bradford, as Labour's first foreign affairs spokesman. He spoke refreshingly of the dangers of a Summit Conference, as did Lord

Mr. E. G. Gardner



Mr. Arthur Tiley

Lambton and Mr. Paget after him, and attacked the Government for its loss of prestige in Europe. He pleaded for disengagement—alike from Central Europe and from his Party's own past record. He did well. They say that he will be a future Labour Foreign Secretary. He has many qualifications. He is young. The cynic may say that for such an ambition this is the most important qualification of all.

After Mr. Healey, Mr. Head. His speech had a curious beginning. He kept everybody on tenterhooks by announcing that he was going to discuss a new topic. They waited for it and at last it came. It was "the poverty of the undeveloped territories of the world." No sooner was this announced than there was a staggering rush to the door alike among Members and among journalists. This England which has never had it so good is clearly in no mood to have anyone talking about the poor. Mr. Head may or may not have deserved Mr. George Brown's rebuke for being a man of Suez, to a large extent responsible for our difficulties. Yet at the least the subject deserved discussion.

Yet, like many debates the most interesting part was the part that wasn't—the insistence by private Members on both sides to delay it for two hours on Wednesday in order to challenge the Government's claim to private Members' time. Mr. Nigel Fisher and Lord Hinchinbrooke joined hands with Mr. Wedgwood Benn and Mr. Bevan. Mr. Shinwell accused another Member of being the biggest bore in the House. Is there a real chance that in this House we are going to get some kicks from the back benches? Mr. Butler at any rate thought that he had to promise something—or at least, to be strictly accurate, thought that he had to promise that he would promise something. We shall see what comes of it.

— PERCY SOMERSET

### PUNCH ALMANACK 1960

The Almanack is now on sale at 2/6d. Postal subscribers will receive a copy without application; other readers are advised to ask their newsagents to reserve a copy for them. Copies can be posted to friends overseas for 3/- each, post paid.



## Old Girl Mother

TO have a daughter whose new boarding-school is your old boarding-school, and thus to become an Old Girl mother, is a proud thing. On going-back days and half-term days, the school train platform or the bit between the cars and the school door can become a miniature Commem. Cries of reunion; borrowed pens digging dates into little books; and round it all the new bearers of the torch of learning watching tolerantly in the Hats, the navy blue, and, goodness us! the nylons.

As an Old Girl mother you have had specialized reactions to your daughter's new uniform. "They look lovely" is a stock message of cheer to any child trying on a pair of shorts she would call longs; but *you* were able to add "You should have seen us. We wore gym tunics and our handkerchiefs up our bloomers!" You pointed out that the shirt-collars used to *button on*, while the arriving cardigan brought your awestruck comment "We never had a cardigan." All this at least gave your daughter the idea that she was riding into her new world on the van of progress.

To help it there was your mine of negative general information. You'd be surprised if *she* had jelly in house colours for Sunday supper. Or cake tasting of hairwash. And whatever she sews after supper it won't be a pink flannel tent with gussets.

A funny thing is that while both Old Girls and mothers are in their differing ways frightened to death of school staffs, in your double capacity you feel you can take them. Well, it's partly their fault you're what you are, isn't it? What's more, as an Old Girl you've got rights. You can stay week-ends *in the House*, you tell your alarmed child. They'd put you up in the spare room, you could have meals. Then for heaven's sake, she says, don't.

But of course your daughter, in her own differing way, appreciates the whole thing. As the term gets under way you gain value as an *aficionado* letter-swapper. And how fascinating at visiting week-ends to stay in the same hotel! To send, by the tenuous route

FOR  
WOMEN



of another O.G. daughter, an S.O.S. to old chum Joan. To have your daughter home for half-term and plunge into the most esoteric talk that ever baffled the rest of the household! "No, I mean if you turn left coming *out* of the gate..." "But that bed used to be along the wall and the chest of drawers like this..." "Goodness no, they knocked that down *ages* ago."

Are you proud to be a name engraved

on a pudding-fork? A fringed face beaming fatuously from the school photograph opposite the gong? Yes, you jolly well are. You don't mind saying that an odd glow has filled life since your daughter settled in the Old Place. It is a feeling difficult to define, except as a blend of unshakable satisfaction and unwarrantable achievement. Dash it, it must be what they call Tradition.

— ANGELA MILNE

## Braine's-Eye View

MR. JOHN BRAINE, who claims (suitably enough for the author of *Room at the Top*) to have cured himself of dandruff by pouring vinegar over his head, looked thoughtfully at my naked urchin-crop and said that every woman ought to wear a hat; and ought to shampoo every second day. Pressed for the feminine hair-do of his choice, he took a while to decide on long, raven tresses bunned from dawn to dusk (ignoring any millinery snags this might involve).

Tugging the collar of his open-necked, scarlet drip-dry shirt (teamed with fawn slacks and horn-rimmed spectacles) he declared that women ought to wear dresses in preference to "separates" because their tastes and enthusiasms were so unreliable. Buying a skirt here and a sweater there and expecting them to match was hardly, he thought, a sound basis for smartness.

Unlike most husbands of the north, Mr. Braine refuses to go garment-shopping with his wife, being impatient of the barrage of fashion-publicity liable to batter all sense from the best of us. "Women are downtrodden," he declared, staring me out with childishly bright blue eyes, "and it's worse in the south of England than the north."

I steered him on to hemlines and his

eyebrows rose to match his preference. "High, of course; above the knee." (Was he surprised because I'd needed to ask?)

I was surprised when he expressed a liking for those nylon stockings patterned at the heel with leaves and flowers and snakes. I could not imagine them crossed against this opulent beige settee strewn with L.P.s and books and magazines, and kept an eye on by a huge, no-nonsense map of the West Riding. On the other hand, I could sympathize with his abhorrence of flat heels, though my sympathy stretched also to Mrs. Braine, having a hilly district to contend with, and a husband who thinks motorists are mad.

From here we moved to hands, and Mr. Braine declared himself a devotee of rubber gloves for housewives. "They're a must," he said; "nothing looks worse than red, rough hands, unless it's nicotine-stained fingers or chipped nail-varnish." Had he ever tried, I asked, to don rubber gloves in a hurry, covering the kitchen floor with talcum powder and tearing a nice slit to be stormed by soaking-nappy water? Was he adept at catching plates flung from a slithery, rubber-fingered skid? No; he very rarely washed up, though when he did detergents made his hands

itch. But for women, he repeated, rubber gloves were vital. (It was later revealed that he had bought his wife a pair and she had never had them on.)

A distant scream from baby Anthony Braine (two and a half) deflected us to thoughts of motherhood. A married woman, Mr. Braine said vehemently, had no business *not* to have children. Why else should she get married? As for careers that ran concurrently with motherhood, he deplored them all, unless it were a case of some "exceptional talent" which it would be criminal to waste. Loud in his condemnation of day-nurseries, he declared that no mother should leave her child for the first two years, and from then until school-age she should leave him very occasionally, and only in the care of kind, familiar relatives.

But if Mr. Braine sets his wifely standards high, he also dignifies them with all forms of labour-saving. Washing-machine, spin-drier, refrigerator, washing-up machine he thinks are all essential.

Approving perfume, daintiness and the whole gamut of cosmetic preparations, Mr. Braine was yet far from advocating purely decorative femininity. Wives who had no children should adopt some—coloured, if white ones were in short supply—and those who had their own should cheerfully accept complete disruption of their lives, responding lavishly with what he called "Christian love," later defined as love which sprang largely from a sense of duty. (Was this what now, in the background, softly shushed a wailing Master Anthony upstairs?)

I rose to go, but Mr. Braine had one more point to press. "If I've used the word 'housewife,'" he said, "for goodness' sake delete it!"

—HAZEL TOWNSON

## Children's Concert

IT wasn't that Elaine went flat  
And Jenny piped her eye;  
As parents we allowed for that;  
A child can only try.

What irritated most was this:

Matilda stopped the show  
By using every artifice  
A nice girl shouldn't know.

—WILLIAM CLARKE

## A Letter from Paris

Phyllis Heathcote replies to Alison Aburgham

MY DEAR ALISON,—I'm dropping everything to tell you about a day I spent recently with the Académie Maxim's. The Academy is a kind of super finishing school organized by Maxim's with the support of a "Welcome Committee" which included all that matters (or nearly all) in the ranks of the Vieille France. The idea is to give hostesses *en herbe* the possibility of acquiring "that special Parisian brio which is the crowning touch of the perfect hostess." French polish, in fact.

The syllabus includes Cooking and the Art of Dining and Wining, the Art of Entertaining, the Art of Dressing and Elegance, the Art of Appreciation. Almost a life's work. But l'Académie Maxim's (with brio) knocks it off in an intensive five weeks' course. They put up foreign students in French families "of the best social standing."

My day with the Academy began with a morning cookery session under the direction of Comtesse ("Mapie") de Toulouse-Lautrec looking, as usual, *très Belle Epoque* in one of those terrific hats of hers. The students wear pretty candy-pink-and-white striped overalls and a matching bonnet-affair designed by Paulette.

In the afternoon we were whisked off in the Academy bus to the home of Madame d'Assailly, the wife of René Juillard who publishes Françoise Sagan, for a talk on *savoir-faire*. Dinner-table

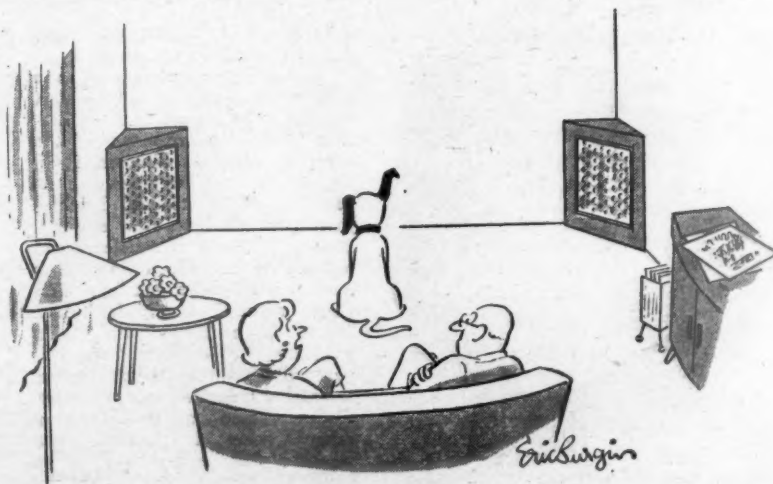
conversation, etiquette, how not to drop social bricks, etc. The homework consisted of placing, theoretically, at table a cardinal, a general, a prince of a reigning house, a minister, an ambassador and his wife (own country), a duke and a duchess, an academician, a university professor. For these, it seems, are the kind of nasty questions they ask students at the end of the course when they sit for their *Diplôme d'Excellence*. (So far as I can see there's no problem at all about the professor.)

Later, at Maxim's itself (the red carpet, I discover, and the gloom run right up to the fifth floor), we were given a talk on Burgundy wines by the owner of Maxim's, Monsieur Louis Vaudable, followed by a tasting. The all-in fee for the five weeks' course is around £300. It shook me too. But when you stop to think that for this you get Poulet Vallée d'Auge and the Faubourg St. Germain, it's money for jam.

Don't forget that Ginette Spanier's book *It Isn't All Mink* comes out on the 9th (Collins.) She was the guest of honour at our Fashion Group luncheon last week. When someone asked her the corny question "Do women dress for men or for other women," Ginette answered "For both. To please men and to bitch women." Her book should be fun.

As ever,

PHYLLIS



"I think one of the speakers must be broken."



## criticism

Amibry

### BOOKING OFFICE

#### "H. P. B."

**Madame Blavatsky: Medium and Magician.** John Symonds. Odhams, 21/-

SHE rose like a whale out of the calm seas of mid-nineteenth century thought. It was 1873 when Helena Petrovna Blavatsky ("known as H. P. B. to everybody who knows") arrived in New York from heaven knows where.

On her very first day she was greeted by one Michalko Guegidze, in native costume, whom she had last seen in Georgia, southern Russia, where she had lived as a child. He had been dead since 1869.

She asked him in Georgian if he were really Michalko, to which he replied by sweeping the strings of a guitar he was holding.

Whether Michalko appeared to others

besides Madame Blavatsky is not clear. She was 43 at the time, and her early life is mysterious. She seems to have been Russian certainly, but the rest is all surmise. Did she study those long years in Tibet, as she claimed? Did she travel the length and breadth of Africa? Was she ever a bare-back rider in a Constantinople circus, or choirmistress to the King of Serbia? Did she train as a snake charmer? It is possible that she did all these things, for she was a remarkable woman, but it is not likely. Not for nothing did she win ambiguous homage from the Society for Psychical Research as "one of the most accomplished, ingenious, and interesting impostors of history."

When they framed this testimonial the Society was thinking especially of H. P. B.'s activities as founder and high priestess of the Theosophical Society. It was the golden age of spiritualism,

and H. P. B. played her cards cleverly. Manifestations and materializations occurred wherever she went, but she was careful not to go everywhere. Applause and money did not interest her so much as power. Like the odious Aleister Crowley, Mr. Symonds's previous subject for a biography, she wanted to put souls in bondage. Thanks to her curious death-ray personality she succeeded with many, if only for a certain length of time. The only victim who never escaped from her thrall was the handsome Yankee Colonel Olcott. From the moment he came under that burning blue gaze, at a séance in Vermont, the two of them were united in "chumship," as they called it. Seventeen years later, when H. P. B. died in Swiss Cottage, the Colonel heard the news in Australia clairvoyantly before the telegram arrived.

Surprisingly, Colonel Olcott was intelligent as well as devoted, and his six-volume autobiography *Old Diary Leaves* is the best source of information about Madame Blavatsky's later years. Without the Colonel we should not know much about her extraordinary expedition to India. For some years she and the Colonel had been seeing Indian holy men all over the place: in a New York rooming-house, outside Cannon Street station, in a German *Schloss*. It became apparent that the hallowed roots of the Theosophical faith lay in the East, and in 1879 the pilgrims set forth. On arrival at Bombay the Colonel insisted on kissing the stones of the quay. For all their talk of the Vedas and Mother India, it was obvious to the British authorities that H. P. B. and her friend were Russian spies. The Czar's territorial ambitions in Asia were well known, and soon people were saying that the Theosophical Society was plotting to overthrow the Raj. Undaunted, H. P. B. proceeded to transfer the Society's headquarters from New York to Calcutta, where they remain to this day. Eventually she was accepted by the British residents for her entertainment value, and tables were set rapping and fairy bells ringing at every dinner party in Simla.

## THESE LOOKS SPEAK VOLUMES

A Panorama of Publishers



7. ROLAND GANT

BORN 1920. Emerged from the war, spent partly as a parachutist and partly as a prisoner, feeling too old to start training to be a staid G.P. A life-long fascination with two of the three Rs nudged him, in 1946, into publishing. Ten years later he left Heinemann to join Michael Joseph, where he is now editorial director. Feels that life would become too hazardous were he to name his favourite authors. Has written several books, his last novel, *World in a Jug*, having been published by Jonathan Cape this year. Believes that his experiences as a writer help him, as a publisher, to understand the difficulties of other writers; is reticent about whether his experiences as a publisher help him to understand the problems of Jonathan Cape.



H. P. B. was beginning to feel old. "I'm falling to pieces, crumbling away like an old sea-biscuit," she wrote in 1884, quite inaccurately. In fact she became enormously fat, and her temper deteriorated. When asked to pass the butter on one occasion she flung the dish across the table with the words "Here you are! Grease your soul to hell with it." Her last years were spent in London, quarrelling with her disciples and writing long, unreadable books. Here the young W. B. Yeats met her and was naïvely impressed. "She is a sort of old Irish peasant woman with an air of humour and an audacious power." He was quite wrong. She had no humour at all, and no real power, only a sort of simmering megalomania. As a medium she was the trapdoor artist of all time. She died in 1891. Some of her followers believed that she was re-incarnated immediately, stepping into the body of a fourteen-year-old Indian boy. It was said to be a tight fit.

—PETER DUVAL SMITH

## NEW NOVELS

**Free Fall.** William Golding. *Faber*, 15/-  
**Goodbye, Columbus.** Philip Roth.  
*Deutsch*, 10/6

**A Lady's Hand.** Edward Candy. *Gollancz*, 13/6

**The Charm of Mambas.** George Brendon.  
*Heinemann*, 16/-

SO much to say about the new William Golding, and so little space to say it in. *Free Fall* is Golding's fourth novel, and I find it his best. It is set, unlike its predecessors, full in the modern world; it is about recognizable people and their interactions and relationships; it is, in short, more plainly and fully about modern man. Moreover, Golding's perennial theme of the fallen nature of man and of his obsessive dilemma—how to bring the things of the spirit into the world of flesh and matter—is handled with a new subtlety that is technical as well as philosophic; it has to do with Golding's recognition of the world outside him as a quality; the allegory lies in the things and is not applied to it from outside. It is nicely rooted in the problems we know.

The hero, Sammy Mountjoy, is in the classical existential situation, that of a man confronted with a multiplicity of human choices, and with no means of knowing which philosophical or religious hat to wear—for in these days of multiple cultures they are all there on the hat-stand. A bastard, fatherless and without an old authority to rule his way, he is also an artist and therefore "free" of the social constraints that decide the issue for so many. He could, as he says, be a cannibal if he wished, claiming the artist's privilege, if it helped. It doesn't, and his cry is, "I have walked among you in intellectual freedom and you have

never tried to seduce me from it, since a century has seduced you to it." Conducting his life in a world both real and ideal, he finds peace neither in flesh nor spirit. He seeks for the kingship of man, a search defined in his childhood collecting of the Kings of Egypt on cigarette cards. But discovery isn't to be had there—only the fall from grace. The experience of the dark night of the soul has to follow, set in a German prison camp, before grace comes—that sense of the timelessness of eternity and of the qualitative existence of things which is existential truth. Grace or existential freedom, it is, at last, freedom lost and freedom found. Dr. Halde, his Gestapo inquisitor, is the slope downward into the pit . . . and the slope upward into joy. Lying curiously somewhere between the rather mannered Christian allegory of Charles Williams and the philosophical rigour of Camus or Sartre, Golding is moving the right way—toward France.

You'd never guess it from the blurb, but *Goodbye, Columbus*, by Philip Roth, one of that exciting group of Jewish-American writers that has emerged in the States since the war, is more than a well-told tale about a love-affair. Told with the usual Jewish cultural universality and borrowing a bit from several traditions, it's about what is lacking in the style—roots. Columbus is the lost past, the culture of underprivileged ethnic groups, the vigour of the old negro and Jewish cultures that is being sold now for the new enamel sink and the country club. The lost Columbus is Columbus, Ohio, home of Ohio State University, where a diversity of boys is welded into the all-American ideal; it is also Columbus the discoverer, who came fresh on to the green land of America.

*A Lady's Hand* is a moral tale, set in the medical world, in the manner of Ivy Compton-Burnett, with much of the moral rigour and wit of the master—or mistress. A good novel, about human maturity, though given a little too much to the sincerest form of flattery.

War, adventure, an African and Burmese setting—the ingredients of *The Charm of Mambas*, a well-told first novel good for its plain and critical approach to its characters, black and white.

—MALCOLM BRADBURY

## MISS EDGEWORTH LIKED

**The Great Maria. A Portrait of Maria Edgeworth.** Elizabeth Inglis-Jones. *Faber*, 25/-

Maria Edgeworth (1767-1849) had a dwarf's figure, a face disfigured by an eye-complaint and a timid disposition. These handicaps she entirely overcame, reaching a European fame of which Madame de Stael was reputedly jealous. Miss Elizabeth Inglis-Jones has purposely ignored Maria Edgeworth's status as a writer and in this biography, rich in new material, she has concentrated on the personalities of Miss Edgeworth and her patriarch of a father, Richard Lovell



"Fine time to choose to increase fares."

Edgeworth. The reader, unfamiliar with the Edgeworth novels, would welcome a few more details, which might give an idea as to why Sir Walter Scott took them as models of character drawing, and the addition of a bibliography would be valuable. Apart from these omissions Miss Inglis-Jones skilfully brings to life the teeming household at Edgeworthstown, Co. Longford, and her treatment of Mr. Edgeworth, husband of four wives and father of at least twenty children, is as tender as his gifted daughter could wish. On the other hand when Maria Edgeworth's reputation was established the Edgeworth family visited London and Byron noted: "Miss Edgeworth liked, Mrs. Edgeworth not disliked, old Edgeworth a bore—the worst of bores—a boisterous bore." —N. G. P.

## CREDIT BALANCE

**Collins Music Encyclopædia.** J. A. Westrup and F. L. Harrison. *Collins*, 42/-  
Black's once published a single-volume musical dictionary containing complete lists of composers' compositions. Only Grove has attempted this since; the Oxford Companion is no more than an eclectic scrapbook. Collins's new book gives lists only of "principal works" in its 740 pages, and is nothing like so comprehensive as it should be; all the same, any reference-library that cannot afford Grove should have a copy.

## AT THE PLAY

*The Marriage-Go-Round*  
(PICCADILLY)  
*Les Frères Jacques* (ADELPHI)

**THE Marriage-Go-Round**, by Leslie Stevens, is less a play than a tactical exercise deploying the peculiar skills of Kay Hammond and John Clements.

It is slight, bright and just original enough to keep us off the ground for a short evening; the parts it provides for these two players suit them admirably, but in spite of all their charm and resource there are moments when, wittily as the piece is written, its bones show through.

Happily married, with grown-up children dispersed, they both lecture in an American university, he to a male audience on cultural anthropology, allowing a sidelong glance at marriage, she to an audience of women in a somewhat cosier way on family relations; both lectures, from alternate sides of the stage, are in progress when the play starts, and continue throughout, broken frequently by slabs of action to demonstrate their points. For almost immediately the lecturers' analyses of marriage pass from the merely academic to the urgently topical, with the arrival in their house of the daughter of a Swedish colleague. She is beautiful, determined and a biological bore; having decided to have a baby she has selected our professor as its father on the best bloodstock principles, and has crossed the Atlantic to break the news to him. She will not take no for an answer; he, settled contentedly into middle age, is now thoroughly unsettled; his wife, knowing all about it, allows them a liberal ration of rope.

What happens after that is Mr. Stevens' business. He works out the permutations of this flight of amorous

algebra neatly enough, and the running commentary from the two lecturers is a more amusing device than perhaps it sounds. Its mechanics are made easy by Hutchinson Scott's attractive set, which revolves to Leslie Bridgewater's gay calliope music.

Both Miss Hammond and Mr. Clements are entirely at home in parts which

#### REP SELECTION

Library, Manchester, *Henry IV Pt. I*, until December 5th.

Theatre Royal, Windsor, *Break for Commercials*, until November 14th.

Perth, *Dinner with the Family*, until November 7th.

Oldham Rep, *The Shop at Sly Corner*, until November 7th.

give them all the room they need to satirize the state of marriage. She is deliciously feminine, he unrepentantly male, and of this simple contrast who know better how to make the most? One of the best scenes, with a faint echo of *Private Lives*, is when they both drift down to the kitchen to share their sleepless worry in the middle of the night.

Robert Helpmann's production is alert. I thought that Angela Brown scored a minor triumph as the awful Swedish girl, who really makes her mark, and

John Arnatt provides a sturdy shoulder for Miss Hammond to weep on.

Straight from Paris, where deservedly they have an enormous reputation, come the Frères Jacques, with a selection from their favourite songs, hats and moustaches. Until November 14 only. I have been a devotee for some years, and they continue to delight me. Accompanied only by a piano—but what a pianist is Pierre Phillippe!—they give an evening of mimed song and dance with a highly original flavour. For this occasion they introduce their songs in English which I suspect they have learned by rote; certainly they appear astonished by what they are saying. They can be funny, sinister, or affecting. Their timing is marvellous; above all they are extremely likeable. Their French is not easy, but their mime is sufficient translation. London is short of this kind of entertainment and I hope it will take them to its heart.

#### Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

*One More River* (Westminster—14/10/59), strong Merchant Navy drama. *The Importance of Being Earnest* (Old Vic—21/10/59), lively production. *The Aspern Papers* (Queen's—19/8/59), brilliant adaptation of Henry James.

—ERIC KEOWN

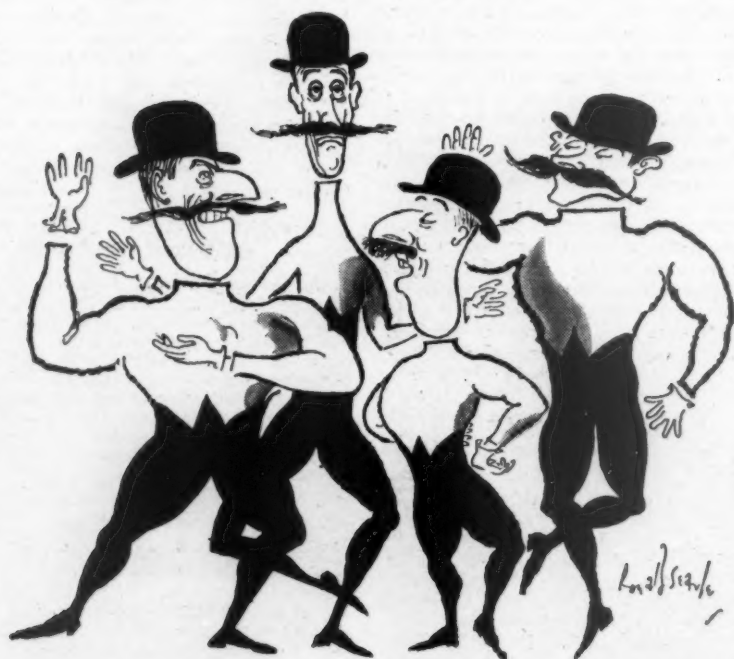
#### IN THE PUBLIC EYE

*The Artist Relates*  
(CEYLON TEA CENTRE)

I HAVEN'T seen a sillier exhibition title for a long time. If it means anything at all, I suppose it means that the artists represented here all relate their experiences as designers to their work as teachers. This is, in fact, a display of the commissioned work done by forty members of the staff of the Central School of Arts and Crafts.

A press hand-out about the dual role of the teacher-designer makes it clear that this is an exhibition with a Message. And that is the impression you get as you cross its threshold and face a tasteful huddle of typography which dazzles the eyes and defies you to read it. Once you get past this you can enjoy looking at pleasant pottery, fabrics, furniture, and so on. But most of it, as the catalogue says, is "available to the general public through retail stores"—which is standard design jargon for the vulgar phrase "You can buy it in the shops." Why, then, should anyone bother to see it in the Tea Centre? No one will get more than a mild upsurging of the soul at the sight of well-known products so elegantly arranged on light wooden frames, or the mathematical exactness with which barely-readable, inadequate captions and postage-stamp portraits of the designers are lined up with the products themselves.

Nearly all design exhibitions suffer



(Les Frères Jacques)

ANDRÉ BELLEC

FRANÇOIS SOUBEYRAN

GEORGE BELLEC

PAUL TOURENNE

from bad handling of words. This one doesn't have enough to be mishandled. The result is that people will wander in and out without knowing what interesting and amusing stories there are behind some of the less familiar exhibits. What is the point of showing a picture of London's future bus without explaining its improvements on the old-fashioned model (heating, pneumatic suspension, more space for the conductor, and so on)? How could anyone think of displaying the telephone trunk-dialling system without saying why it is built and shaped the way it is, and how the designer made it hooligan-proof? Above all, I can't imagine why no one took the opportunity of telling the really fascinating story of Anthony Holloway, an artist who devises ways of brightening up new L.C.C. buildings in the East End—everything from decorated concrete and patterned steel sheeting to cheaply-produced mosaics of coloured waste wood or broken tiles. This artist, who works among building labourers with his trowel, soldering-iron or oxy-acetylene torch, tells me he was recently finishing off a mosaic wall at Bethnal Green when a passing insurance collector, frightened by what he took to be "all that Picasso stuff," was attacked by a small child who knew the mural by heart. After five minutes the poor man was looking at it with humility, seeing a series of pictures instead of a meaningless jumble of art.

I don't want to point a moral too heavily, but I do think that in the absence of clear-sighted small girls, exhibitions of design should have enough captions to make visitors realize that designers are in fact, down-to-earth men solving practical problems.

—KENNETH J. ROBINSON

## AT THE PICTURES

*The Five Pennies*  
*The Wonderful Country*

THE best bits of *The Five Pennies* (Director: Melville Shavelson) are the bits where Danny Kaye takes over, alone or in company with Louis Armstrong, and does a practically self-contained comic musical turn. The film being about Red Nichols (though they don't go further than to say it is "suggested by" his life), who in his early days in the 'twenties was known for clowning as well as for trumpet-playing,

### EXHIBITIONS

"Punch in the Theatre," Little Theatre, Middlesbrough and Civic Theatre, Chesterfield.  
"Punch in the Cinema," Odeon Cinema, Cardiff.  
"Punch with Wings," Exhibition Hall, Queen's Buildings, London Airport Central.



[The Five Pennies]

Red Nichols—DANNY KAYE

such turns can be introduced at a good many points in the first half of it. But then, as is almost invariable with film biographies of people in show business, sentimentality breaks in—this time by way of a golden-haired little daughter who gets polio.

Mr. Kaye becomes anxious and sad, expressing Red's feeling of guilt at the conviction that his daughter's illness is his fault, as well as anyone could; as I've said before, people with any perception must have realized from his first film appearance fifteen years ago that he was a competent actor who could do almost anything that was called for. What irritates me is the popular tendency to marvel at this, and the commercial cashing in on it. It isn't real appreciation of acting skill; it's basically simple-minded astonishment that anyone known for one thing should be able to do something else—mere *wonder*, of the sort inspired by a remarkable circus feat. As a clown Mr. Kaye is quite superb; as an actor he is quite good—for all I know he might be great if he got the chance, but nobody is going to put him in anything that gives him the chance. His presence is too valuable for the brightening of stuff that would be negligible without him.

As this would. It is the usual sort of show-business biography: country boy makes good in the big city, becomes national success, then for some reason drops back into obscurity, at last triumphantly returns in time for smiling-through-tears fadeout. That is the framework for the turns; it's a pity most of them are in the first half of the picture, but they are all brilliantly enjoyable.

They range from a brief spur-of-the-moment burlesque of a hayseed to a wonderful duet with Louis Armstrong, a nonsense song using innumerable composers' names for their rhythmic value alone, to the tune (with, to put it mildly, variations) of "When the Saints Come Marching In." This alone is worth the price of admission, and there is much else on the credit side—notably the charming Barbara Bel Geddes as Red's wife, and the VistaVision Technicolor photography (Daniel L. Fapp).

What I took to be poor sound reproduction is the main thing wrong with *The Wonderful Country* (Director: Robert Parrish). The story of this Western is in any event far from conventional, and to find it complicated by missing a number of lines of dialogue is upsetting. However, it is visually splendid (Technicolor—Floyd Crosby), and the average simple-hearted lover of Westerns will be quite happy to see some of the familiar situations without bothering to understand exactly how they came about.

The central character is a Texan, but has grown up in Mexico whither he escaped as a boy after killing his father's murderer; now he is the hired gunman of a Mexican potentate. As the picture opens he (Robert Mitchum) is immobilized by a broken leg on the Texan side of the border, but soon he has recovered and is on the run both from his boss (who feels that he should not have broken his leg while on duty) and the authorities in Texas, where he has impetuously killed another man (who drew first). He loves the wife (Julie London) of an Army major, but more is





JOHN CASSAVETES

[Johnny Staccato

made of his regard for his fine horse, a black Andalusian stallion named Lagrimas—which means “tears,” we are told more than once. It dies after the ritual climactic gunfight, and he symbolically drops his gun beside it. The major has by now been killed by Apaches, so . . .

I am implying more disrespect than I mean; there is a great deal of good in the picture even apart from its visual beauty. But I wish the dialogue were more distinct.

• • • • •

#### Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

In London: Bergman's *The Face* (7/10/59), the fascinating *Anatomy of a Murder* (14/10/59), Hitchcock's *North by Northwest* (28/10/59), *Les Cousins* (7/10/59), and *I'm All Right, Jack* (26/8/59).

Releases: *The Devil's Disciple* (16/9/59), which entertained me a good deal, and *The World, the Flesh and the Devil* (16/9/59), odd and interesting.

— RICHARD MALLETT

#### ON THE AIR

##### Hired Help

**A** PERSISTENT folk-hero of our day is the man who bashes grim-jawed through our strip cartoons and television thriller series, solving problems for poor, weak, bewildered, threatened little good people (us) by hitting naughty villainous men (them) until they fall unconscious, or shooting at them with the all-powerful gun, the universal panacea, the great god Pistol, which marvellously kills but never wounds, and solves all problems with the pleasurable inevitability of a fairy tale. We are frail, bedevilled creatures in

daily need of Strong Wise Men to rid us of demons, and in our escape-world (TV set—analyst couch?) the demons are presented as blackmailers, murderers, kidnappers, dope-peddlers, safe-breakers, baby-farmers, claim-jumpers, Red Indians, professional hoodlums, spies, town bullies or plain ordinary sex-maniacs. “Save us!” cries the dear little frightened victim, who gave up battling with his demons long ago and never had it so good in the matter of infallible protectors; and up pops Matt Dillon, or Lieutenant Frank Bellinger, or that damned Invisible Man, or the Sheriff of Tombstone, or the Knight Errant, or Mark Saber, or one of the Four Just Men, or the imitation Harry Lime—or even, when things are too awful for mere humans to handle, a great big Alsatian dog.

It has presumably always been so: Rin-Tin-Tin, if he could only talk (or can he? I forget), would have fitted nicely into many a rip-roaring Greek myth; and so would old Ten Four of the “Highway Patrol,” with a few feathers stuck on his feet and most of his clothes taken off. But these god-figures have to move with the times. The latest, for instance, is a morose-looking creature, well on the way to enrolling with the beatniks, who prowls the darkened streets of Greenwich Village (they are actually photographed in daylight, through a cunning filter) waiting to bring aid and succour to the oppressed figures of that lively neighbourhood. (He would have put an end to all that nonsense in *Washington Square* in a couple of blood-soaked chapters, and left Henry James free to get on with something, perhaps, else.) This man, who doesn't seem to mind that his name is Johnnie Staccato, appears in a series called “Staccato” (A-R), and is broodingly represented by John Cassavetes.

When he has time he earns his living by playing the piano in a dive in the Village, and he performs his works of rescue or retribution against a persistent clamour of contemporary jazz. (The dialogue too is boldly contemporary: I once heard a minor character say right out “Gee, Johnny, I dig you the most!”) On account of the producer's mania for darkness it has not often been clear to me precisely what is going on, but one thing is certain: for sheer neanderthal brutishness this series leaves its nearest rival standing. The savagery seems all the more stark because it is for the most part quite unnecessary, either for plot-development or for characterization. It is stirred gratuitously into the mixture by some ghoulish master-mind, and I keep hearing his fangs gnashing in glee at his flair for the contemporary touch. It is a distressing sound. Surely we can keep our modern goblins at bay without having everyone in sight kicked to a pulp?

Moving to more pleasant matters, I have lately been considering “Cool for Cats” (A-R) and the new BBC show “Flying Standards.” “Cool for Cats” is breathlessly compered by Kent Walton, whose other activities include giving commentaries on all-in wrestling matches, and I sometimes feel he is not really at home in this world of teenage singing marvels. However, he has the appropriate Anglo-American accent, which will be obligatory throughout the English-speaking world in another fifty years' time, and he doesn't make the mistake of trying to be a funny old off-beat, as Jack Jackson did on a similar show. The show itself is surely not well named: I have never heard a bar of cool jazz played on it. It consists of a series of recent blues-and-rhythm, rock-n-roll, country-style, mock-Western, dreary ballad or heavy beat numbers, played on records while a handful of bright young dancers go through some singularly repetitive movements. Sometimes an actual singing star will appear, usually looking about eight, and will open and close his mouth while his latest record is played: this is evidently a great thrill for the watching millions, and I wish them no harm. The tunes played in “Flying Standards,” as the title implies, are numbers that have found a permanent place in the pop-music repertory. The hey-day for tunes and lyrics was during the 'thirties, and songs from that era must keep cropping up in this programme. Unfortunately, though, the singers choose to render them in a cool style, which is quite unsuitable. As for the star, Shirley Eaton, I cannot feel that she is ready yet to put over any but the quietest, simplest, timidest song, relying mostly on her looks. Certainly she is out of place here. The Ken Mackintosh Orchestra plays the excellent arrangements very well indeed.

— HENRY TURTON

# Sheep-dog in My Life

By PATRICK RYAN

**W**HEN, at a film, a downbeat character complains that he spent his life on the wrong side of the tracks, I reflect that I have spent most of mine on the wrong side of the table.

I've always been the perspiring Charlie in the single chair nearest the door, looking across at the beady-eyed, penetrating members of the interview board. I did once get a probationary seat on the important side of the table but I lost it over a sheep-dog.

I was reminded of this experience recently when I read in one of those get-up-and-go business magazines that "an interviewer must always bear in mind that both he and the interviewee have complex, hidden motivations concerning an interview as well as the more obvious and realistic ones." Don't ask me. I didn't say I understood it; I merely said it reminded me of that sheep-dog.

I was pleased when they told me I was selected to sit in at a promotion panel to gain experience of interviewing. Not only was this a token that I was under consideration for higher things but it also meant that the management were beginning to forgive me about losing that floating crane in the stock records.

So next day I sat as the fourth, mute member on the sunny side of the table. "We are looking for general managerial types on this occasion," explained the chairman, "and the candidates come from all parts of the organization. In fairness to everyone, therefore, we are including a number of questions of a non-technical nature which can be answered by common-sense reasoning and which will allow the candidates opportunity to display their powers of logical thought and clear exposition."

The mixed bag of all-sorts contained such questions as: How would you organize a sports day? . . . How would you arrange an examination involving five hundred students? . . . How would you set about training a young sheep-dog? . . . How would you organize the public side of a self-service restaurant? and similar homely topics.

In my opinion both the candidates and the interviewers did very well, and I spent a happy day doing nothing and reflecting that an organization with so

many bright boys could comfortably carry me, even allowing for that crane. It was spoilt, however, when, as the time for the last candidate came up, the chairman turned to me and said "Well now, I think you might have a try at the next one. Ask him that question about training the sheep-dog—it's pretty simple—and we'll see how you get on."

The victim came in. He was pale-faced, pebble-glassed and utterly urban. I never saw anyone further removed from a sheep-dog.

"Good afternoon," I said, looking as free from hidden motivation as I could. "Supposing you were given a young sheep-dog to train . . . how would you set about the job? To train it to herd sheep, of course."

He thought about the question for a long time and stared me straight in the eye as he thought. At last, he spoke.

"What sort of sheep-dog?"

"What sort?—er—any sort of sheep-dog. The usual sort. It doesn't make any difference."

"It does, you know."

"It does what?"

"It does make a difference what sort of sheep-dog. You have to vary the training according to the breed. Can't you tell me what sort of sheep-dog you have got?"

"I haven't actually got any sort of sheep-dog. This is a hypothetical sheep-dog."

"A hypothetical sheep-dog?" For his money I was right up the wall. "Then what hypothetical breed is it? Old English? Border Collie? Shetland? or Old Welsh Grey, maybe?"

He pursed his lips and waited for my answer. He'd got me on the wrong side of the table.

I took a dip. "We'll say it's Old Welsh Grey."

"An Old Welsh Grey?" He shook his head. "You've got a pack of trouble there. They're the most difficult to train. I wouldn't have an Old Welsh Grey if I were you."

"I told you," I said patiently. "I



haven't actually got a sheep-dog at all. We're just supposing you've got one, an Old Welsh Grey. How would you set about training it?"

He thought for a moment.

"I'd send for my grandfather," he said.

"Your grandfather?" I asked numbly. "Why your grandfather?"

"And who else?" he demanded truculently. "My grandfather is the finest sheep-dog trainer in North Wales. He'd soon train that Old Welsh Grey of yours. Four months and he'd have him setting, gathering, driving, penning—the lot. Finest sheep-dog trainer in all North Wales, my grandfather."

I wasn't really surprised. My life is always doing this sort of thing to me.

"No doubt he is," I said. "But I want to know how you would set about training my Old—this Old Welsh sheep-dog yourself."

"Well now, how old is he?"

"How old? Say about three months."

"Three months! You're wasting your time."

"How do you mean?"

"You can't start to train any sheep-dog till it's nine months old. And with an Old Welsh Grey it's best to leave him till twelve months and he's got all the puppy out of his system."

I began to perspire and my glasses misted up.

"All right. Then we'll say he's

twelve months old. How would you train him?"

"Well, it all depends on where you want him to work. Wales? Yorkshire? The Lakes? Scotland? Or—"

"I don't care where." I waved my arms about. "Anywhere. It doesn't matter."

"It does, you know." He sighed. I wasn't fit to own a sheep-dog. "In Wales they work mainly to the voice, in Yorkshire to the whistle, in Scotland they—"

"Scotland. That'll do. We'll have him work in Scotland. What's the first thing you'd do?"

He opened his arms wide in final despair.

"In Scotland? You're not seriously going to try to train an Old Welsh Grey to work in Scotland? There'd be no sense whatever in that. The Border Collie's the dog for Scotland. In my opinion the first thing you should do is to take your Old Welsh Grey back where you got it and change it for a Border Collie."

The chairman caught my eye and frowned. Over half the allotted interview time was already gone.

"Now look here," I said, banging the table. "Never mind about Scotland. We'll leave him in Wales. You're training a twelve-months-old Old Welsh Grey sheep-dog to work in Wales. How would you set about it?"

"Right. I've got it straight now. Have I got an old sheep-dog to use as teacher?"

"You can have all the old sheep-dogs you want. And as old as you like."

"Don't want them too old, you know. Get too snappy with the puppy then. Right; now my grandfather always says to remember when training a sheep-dog that you want a willing servant and not a slave. Before you can take a young dog near sheep you've got to train him to run and stop at command. When he does that you can . . ."

And he went right on for another ten minutes till his time was up. Six questions we were supposed to get through at each interview and all we'd done was three quarters of the sheep-dog inquiry. After the candidate had gone out, probably to report me to the R.S.P.C.A., the chairman looked at me long and wonderingly. I shrugged ingratiatingly. Then he looked at the other members of the board and they shook their heads sadly, hopelessly.

"Thank you," the chairman said to me. "I don't think we need ask you to sit in with us any more."

And I haven't been invited back since. A week later, too, the management put things into complete perspective for me.

They promoted that Welsh sheep-herder's grandson and sent me a dirty chit asking what the hell I proposed about paying for that floating crane.



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